

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JANUARY 25, 1941

WHO'S WHO

THOMAS KERNAN returned from Paris early in January. He has been living in France for more than three years, during which time he was the director of the Paris edition of *Vogue* magazine, of *Le Jardin des Modes*, and of the Dorland advertising agency. He remained in Paris throughout the whole period of the occupation by the Nazis. His business interests having been closed by the new authorities, he has come back to New York. In 1928, Mr. Kernan was one of the four founders of the Catholic Book Club, and served as active President until he accepted the executive position in France. The present article belongs to the series on the condition of the peoples in Occupied Europe. . . . HUNTER GUTHRIE, S.J., is Dean of the Graduate School of Philosophy, Fordham University, N. Y. He holds his degree from the Sorbonne, Paris. . . . LESLIE RUMBLE, M.S.C. has favored us with another narrative, just on the eve of his departure to Australia. He has been collaborating with Rev. Charles M. Carty on further books of *Radio Replies*. . . . ARNOLD LUNN was questioned by the Editor as to why England was fighting. On the basis of his very sound answer, he was asked to put it all in writing. . . . RT. REV. ARTHUR JACKMAN is Canon of Westminster Cathedral, and Rector of Watford, the district in which was born Nicholas Breakspeare, later Adrian IV, the only English Pope. . . . CHARLES A. BRADY secured his Ph.D. in English Literature from Harvard University, and is now professor at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.

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COMMENT

THE TEXT of the Lease-Lend bill should have the close and immediate attention of every American blessed with literacy. It should be read carefully to every illiterate. And every small word should be deeply pondered. The most intense concentration should be applied to one very small word that is repeated again and again, almost with wearying insistence. The word is "any." *Any* slips into the Bill very inconspicuously. *Anyone* could miss it. Section II, includes *any* weapon, etc.; *any* machinery, etc.; *any* component material, etc.; *any* other commodity, etc.; *any* article, etc.; *any* foreign Government, etc.; *any* plan, etc.; *any* defense article, etc. Section III begins to betray the profundity and the comprehensiveness of *any*. Here we find: "Notwithstanding the provisions of *any* other law . . . *any* other department . . . *any* defense article . . . *any* country whose defense the President deems vital . . . to *any* such government *any* defense article . . . *any* defense article for *any* such government," etc., etc. Section III, B., goes deeper into *any*, when it refers to "*any* other direct or indirect benefit which the President deems satisfactory." Section IV has a sprinkling of *any*, as has Section V. But there is a very important little *any* in Section VI: "Out of *any* money in the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated." There is a rest for *any* in Section VII and VIII, but in Section IX, the President has power to "promulgate such rules and regulations as may be necessary and proper to carry out *any* of the proposals of this act." And he may exercise "*any* power of authority conferred on him through this act through such department or agency or officer as he shall direct." The immortal framers of the bill slipped in that last line, by using *such* instead of *any*. Perhaps, they did not have another *any* left. Taking the Lease-Lend bill as a whole, it seems that there is not *any* power which the President does not possess. There has never been *any* President at *any* time who held *any* such power. And the people cannot do *any* thing about it. But they are sure that at *any* time *any* bill like this may carry this, or *any* other country into *any* war on this or *any* other planet.

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CITIZENS fascinated by the dramatic struggle now developing in Washington ought not to overlook the bloody political battles about to be fought in some of the hot-headed States of the Union. Out in Topeka, for instance, where politics are always at white heat, a fight is going on worthy of the days of squatter sovereignty, Bleeding Kansas, and old Potawatomie Brown himself. Candidate Burke, defeated at the last minute by a mere handful of votes in his race for the Executive mansion against Governor Ratner, is threatening to carry his case before the court for a second time. Down beyond

Harper's Ferry (where old John Brown met his doom) there is a bloody fight in the making over a seat in the U. S. Senate. Governor Hull, retiring from his rosewood desk at Charleston, appointed one of his supporters as a last executive act, while newly elected Governor Neely, insisting that an appointment to the Senate was his prerogative, named his own man. Thus, the State has two appointees to the same Senate chair, and the Senate faces a problem for which it has no precedent in history. Meanwhile, out where Old Man River keeps rolling along, Missouri is facing the most serious political tangle in the history of the state. Mr. Forrest Donnell, a Republican, was elected to the Governorship by only 3,600 votes. The Democratic-controlled legislature, under pressure by the St. Louis machine and the State committee, voted to investigate the election. This meant that inauguration day passed without the swearing in of the new Governor, and that the incumbent Governor Stark remained in the chair. Mr. Donnell petitioned the State courts to enforce the Constitution and to order the Legislature to declare him elected on the face of the returns. But before the court could act, Governor Stark supplied a startling climax to the story. Although a Democrat, he vetoed the Legislature's resolution to investigate. A genius will be needed to unravel the tangle that has developed.

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PURELY in our own interest, if for no other motive, we should shake off the last hangovers of the strange delusion that our country has nothing to profit by a peaceful and reconstituted Spain. Regardless of all reactions and ideologies, the truth remains that a starving Spain is a menace not only to Europe but to the world, a contented Spain is a natural ally of democracy, whatever language the Spanish Falangists may care to flourish on the subject. The truth likewise remains that Spain is desperately in need of food. The bread, by adulteration, may last till February. But meat, fats, sugar are lacking and there are heavy sales taxes. At the same time, General Franco has not retracted his pledge that "it is not foreseen" that Spain will enter the war. Foreign Minister Serrano Suñer does much pro-German talking, but Franco is still in power and Franco's policy is emphatically peaceful. If we wish Spain to remain peaceful, we must encourage England in easing the Spanish blockade.

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GABRIEL'S trumpet was not what startled the secretaries in the outer office a few days ago. It was merely one of the Editors, blowing his own horn. Why this un-Christian pride? Well, the December *Book Survey*, issued by the Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee, had just arrived, and the

Editor had been checking it with the AMERICA book reviews. The survey contains seventy titles, excluding the juvenile books, and we find that sixty-two of the seventy books had been reviewed in our columns. So what? So, thanks to all the reviewers who make this service possible, and to all the readers who think it has value.

WHAT sells best sellers? Well, we find from trade journals that three of the first ten bests have been advertised to the tune of, at the very least, \$45,000. One of them had an allotment of \$15,000 for advertising in the first month of its sale, another \$20,000 for the month before Christmas. Two new novels that are soon to appear will be puffed \$15,000- and \$10,000-worth, respectively, before publication. Now, many of these best sellers are good, even fine, books. But the point is that, fine or not, they are going to sell when all that pump-priming has been done. The mere fact that they are best sellers does not mean that they are, by that very fact, worth reading. When a book starts with a very modest advertising fund, as *The Family* did, and then catches on and wins the right to more publicity, advertising is playing a proper role. Rule One for modern Catholic readers: walk (do not run) to the nearest bookstore, after you have read some mature and considered reviews.

THERE is a great deal of truth in Walter Lippmann's recent indictment of modern educators as responsible for the present catastrophes that have come to plague the world:

They have determined the formation of the mind and education of modern men. As the tragic events unfold, they cannot evade their responsibility by talking about the crimes and follies of politicians, business men, labor leaders, lawyers, editors and generals. They have conducted the schools and colleges and they have educated the politicians, business men, labor leaders, lawyers, editors and generals. What is more, they have educated the educators.

Nothing, indeed, but dead and bitter fruit can come from the dead branches which are separated from the Vine. But in placing responsibility for this widespread calamity of initiating youth into life with no reference to the Giver of life, and this folly of training creatures of God to forget or deny that they came from the hand of God, it does not seem wholly fair to place the entire blame on irreligious educators. It has always seemed to us that of the three great formative influences, the Church, the home and the school, the home leads all the rest. If the home has laid a thorough foundation the child is immunized to much of error and evil. Only if the home has failed, is the boy or girl easy prey for wolves in pedagog's robes. The dangerous professors, after all, only have students because fathers and mothers have entrusted their children to them and paid dearly to have their faith destroyed and their morals "liberalized." Certainly, educators who have led the young into the bleak and destructive realms of modern paganism have a frightening re-

sponsibility. But to put all the blame on them and exempt the home is miscarriage of strict justice.

YOUTH, runs the adage, will be served, but it should not be served sugar-coated cyanide of potassium. Margaret Mead, writing in the January *Harpers*, uses a heavy sugar coat, but it is still a pill. She eloquently defends youth's esteem of moral principles, she claims that they all have a "moral sense," she decries the habit of making them scapegoats for ills and miseries they have not caused. All this makes a sweet camouflage, but underneath lurks the very poison that Mortimer Adler and others have recently pointed out. For the author makes the "moral sense" nothing but a product of environment. It is a "primary emotional conviction that it matters whether a line of conduct is right or wrong"; it is "based on a certain system of child-rearing, in which the parent stands to the child as the ideal of conduct." Ideas of right and wrong, then, are totally dependent on whether the parent approves or disapproves. If you are not brought up in that environment, you will have no "moral sense." But why, we wonder, do parents say that some things are right, some wrong? Because *their* parents said so? Then you are ultimately pushed back to some absolute. But the article, written to show that youth still has principles, bases them on something which is no principle, but a mere matter of social convention. Now, Dr. Mead is modern, very modern, and so, perhaps, labors from the modern ill that J. Glenn Gray writes of in the January *Review of Religion*, ethical illiteracy.

AN eloquent message on the mission of the Catholic press was issued in a recent letter to his priests for Catholic Press Month by the Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis. To defend the Faith—to make it known to those who seek the truth—to preach loyalty to the country's government and institutions, but to defend moral issues, even in political matters, when these are attacked—to make Catholic literature better known—Catholic art and culture—to comment on the interesting events of the hour: these were suggested by Archbishop Glennon. The Most Rev. Aloisius J. Muench, Bishop of Fargo, N. D., in a similar message, observed: "We need the Catholic Press to keep our minds on the right path of truth . . . to keep ourselves well informed with regard to such truths of our Catholic Faith as require application to the special problems of moral conduct in this modern day . . . to keep our contacts with the spirit and traditions of Catholicism . . . events . . . minds of leaders . . . for the preservation of our homes. But if we need the Catholic press, the Catholic Press needs us, too. It needs our support, moral and financial. Let us abstain from unkind and ill-considered criticism, but let us rather pay tribute to the men and women who at great personal sacrifice and with meager means, struggle to keep the Catholic Press in the service of the Catholic Faith."

INCREASED needs of medical supplies are inevitable echoes of war. Missionaries appeal for such aid. Bandages, dressings, clothing for the sick, hospital equipment must be supplied. During the past year, 1940, 52,337 pounds, of medical supplies were shipped out in 410 packing cases by the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, working with the Catholic Mission Board, Inc., 10 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

LONG foreseen by the Church was the development of an intense nationalistic spirit in Japan, which would wreak its effect upon the Catholic missions in that country. Now that this event has occurred, and the Japanese Government requires that only Nipponese shall stand at the helm of religious and cultural institutions in Japan, the wisdom of the Church's policy of a native clergy is evident. In accordance with the "new order" so enthusiastically hailed, the Rev. P. Y. Tsuchihashi, S.J., succeeds Father Heuvers as Rector of the Catholic University of Tokyo, with the approval of the Japanese Minister of Education. The Most Rev. John Ross, S.J., a native of India, is succeeded by the Rev. Aloysius Ogihara, S.J., as Apostolic Administrator of the Diocese of Hiroshima.

PROTESTANT circles, not to exclude Catholic ditto, will be startled at the suggestion made by the Rev. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, leading New York Protestant minister, that the Protestant churches set up an Index of Forbidden books, similar to that of the Catholic Church. Dr. Peale's plan might be possible for books that offend against decency. It is rather difficult to see how it could be made, under the rule of Private Judgment, to apply to matters of doctrinal errors.

RELIGIOUS instruction for public-school children continues to grow in favor, judging by recent reports. In Louisville, Ky., Catholic and Protestant groups have requested the Louisville Board of Education to prepare facilities for denominational instruction in public schools, under a 1940 State law permitting such classes. The board turned over the matter to the school Superintendent for study and recommendation. Religious instruction already is under way in several smaller cities in Kentucky. A bill has been proposed to the New Mexico Legislature, now in session, to permit children of school age to receive religious instruction with parental consent at Church schools and relieving pupils in the public schools from attending such public school for three hours each week for this religious instruction. The bill is supported by both Catholic and Protestant groups. Judging from these developments, there would appear to exist plenty of ground where Catholics and Protestants can profitably work together without impairing doctrinal integrity. Incidentally, it was the wise warning of the late Cardinal Bourne, former Archbishop of Westminster, which prevented Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, from ruining his movement with experiments in "interdenominational religion."

WHILE we in this country debate about money, men and arms for defense, Catholics in Europe are imploring help from Him Who alone can settle the destinies of war. In Toulon, in France, officers, engineers, merchants, doctors, professors, clerks watch day and night in perpetual adoration before the Blessed Sacrament in the Chapel of the Toulon Home for Students. In Germany, the universal Day of Prayer for Peace requested by the Holy Father was recently observed. The Bishops issued special directions concerning the observance and prayers were said after the principal Masses. Throughout the Diocese of Limburg, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed all day.

NO ONE is sanctified by good low-cost housing, but the Devil finds his way into many a home through conditions created by improper or expensive housing. The Rev. Stephen J. Panik, pastor of St. Cyril and Methodius Church in Bridgeport, Conn., is Chairman of the Housing Authority of the City of Bridgeport. No less than 400 families are living, says Father Panik, in his second annual report, "in new clean, healthful homes in Yellow Mills Village, paying rents no greater than, and in many cases less than they formerly paid for wretched living conditions; and public housing has become a reality in Bridgeport." Father Panik acts not only as a good citizen but as a true pastor of souls in thus breaking the back of the old New England mill-town housing tradition.

RHODE ISLAND'S young Catholic Governor, J. Howard McGrath, marked the beginning of the day on which he was inaugurated by assisting at Mass and receiving Holy Communion in St. Sebastian's Church, Providence, of which he is a member. This is a good example for Rhode Island and a good example for the rest of the country. Quality as well as quantity, is a need in Catholic statesmen.

GEORGE STANTON FLOYD-JONES, who died at Massapequa, Long Island on January 17, was one of the country's oldest and most distinguished converts to the Catholic Faith. He was ninety-two years old last Christmas Day. Mr. Floyd-Jones was for very many years active in a great variety of charitable works in and around New York City. He was a descendant of William Floyd, signer of the Declaration of Independence. The Joneses and Floyd-Jones lived since 1693 practically on the same ancestral property on Long Island.

TRANSFER from the University of Notre Dame, Ind. to Washington, D. C. of the Generalate of the Congregation of the Holy Cross marks the signal expansion of this great and apostolic body of men, achieved in a short thirty-five years since the establishment of the Generalate at Notre Dame, Ind. The century-old Congregation now numbers about 1,400 ordained priests and professed Brothers who, in addition to their activities in Canada, France, India and Poland, conduct schools, colleges and parishes in eleven archdioceses and dioceses of the United States.

FRANCE BIDES THE TIME WHEN IT CAN BOOT THE NAZIS

THOMAS KERNAN

IN Lisbon on December 18 I saw an American newspaper for the first time in six months. Then only did I learn how badly off we were in Paris, my home. I have since read with avid interest of my privations, and of the atrocities of which, merely living in Paris, I had never heard.

For, following a "phony war" we now have a phony occupation. The conquerors have so far been much more concerned with mollifying the French, and working them into "the new order in Europe" than with trampling them underfoot. The treatment of occupied France has been entirely different from what I understand to be the case in Poland. Not from any humane motive, I believe, but from self-interest. Long ago tired of carrying their useless partner in the Berlin-Rome axis, Germany perhaps envisages a Berlin-Paris axis, for France is rich in intelligence, in techniques, in rich and developed colonies, in warships and, in spite of their defeat, great soldiers.

The German soldier is a disciplined creature, obedient to whatever order has been given him. He has been told to be polite to the French. He is. In six months I have never seen German soldiers seated in a subway car if a woman is standing. I have never seen them drunk. I have never seen them boisterous. He pays for what he buys—in marks that are charged to the cost of the occupation, it is true—but as far as he is concerned they are his marks, his salary. For conquerors they seem very sad.

For all this forbearance, the Germans reap little reward. Once past the shock of this defeat, and his content to be alive in cities that are unscarred, the average Frenchman has got down to the steady business of hating the Germans. The thud of their fine leather boots, the noonday parade up and down the Champs Elysées, the very fact that the clock is kept on Berlin time, the two million French prisoners in Germany, the food cards, the curfew, all of these keep the average Frenchman in a simmer of exasperated rage. But his rage is impotent. Even his hunting gun has been taken away. He cannot assemble in groups of over fifteen; he cannot go out at night; he is well surveyed; the greatest army in Europe surrounds him. He can only hope, and pray, and bide his time. The next turn in affairs is beyond his ken. But while he can do nothing at present but wait for developments, there is no reason to believe that the average Frenchman has changed his pre-war views. Nor can it be

said that France may not yet play a part in the eventual outcome.

The little clique of politicians that really want to collaborate with Germany and hope for the defeat of England, is infinitesimal, not one-half of one per cent of the people of France.

Meanwhile he must work to eat. The French management has been kept in most factories, banks and businesses, but if the industry is a basic one, there is always a German commissioner. The French management stays only as long as production proceeds. If there is suspicion of sabotage, the manager finds himself in the street, or, in at least one case, in Silesia. For the working man much seems the same as before; he goes back to his old job in the Citroen or Renault factory. He makes trucks for the German army, as he made them before for the French. (No munitions, as far as I can find, are being made in France.) If he doesn't go to work, he starves.

There are rare cases of sabotage. A drunken peasant cuts an army phone wire, or in the night a motor is damaged. If the culprit is caught, punishment is swift and grave. If he cannot be found, the men of the village are called out to do guard duty for a week or ten days. There have been a few executions for serious sabotage, and, as they are widely publicized as a warning, we can estimate their number at about twenty for all France. If the court martial was correctly handled, these executions seem to be in accord with the articles of war. In any case, these senseless bits of resistance are so isolated as to be of no weight whatsoever and cannot be considered significant.

Even with the stimulus of German army orders, there are a million unemployed in Paris, drawing a pitiful dole of three hundred francs a month, not really sufficient to cover proper food, let alone the other expenses of normal life.

In Paris we eat badly, but there is no starvation except among the out-of-work, where the problem is one of finances rather than supply. This problem must be met at once by the local French authorities through larger municipal soup kitchens. If they fail, as they may, the German Winter Relief will certainly step in again, as they did in August, when this amazing organization set up its kitchens within twenty-four hours of occupying Paris, remaining until some sort of food distribution was restored. All food is rationed, and in principle the rich man shares equally with the poor. Cooked

without butter, cream or seasonings, the food is apt to be unpalatable, but there is an adequate supply of bread, a little meat, a little fish and fowl, a very little butter or oil, almost no cheese, no milk except a cup a day for children, no coffee, no chocolate, plenty of fruit, plenty of vegetables, nearly enough sugar. It is the diet on which the German people have survived for eight years, to become the healthiest, most athletic and most virile race in Europe.

Many people have asked me: should America send food to France? The answer is *no*; it is not needed, at least in the occupied section. However, there is an exception. At present, the milk supply is entirely inadequate for children. Such prepared milk as the American Red Cross and the Quaker Committee have been able to buy in Switzerland, has been distributed without interference or pilferage by the Germans. If they can continue their program—and it is a big if, for even Swiss cows run dry—they should be supported. However, with a little effort, the Germans could solve the milk problem of Paris in forty-eight hours. In Normandy, a hundred miles away, we feed milk to the pigs for there is no means of transportation to Paris. Instead of spending thousands of gallons of gasoline a week on sight-seeing joyrides for their troops, the German army could easily get milk to Paris.

Indeed, this question of transport is at the base of all the discomforts of life in France today. In spite of feeding a voracious army of a million, and sending a substantial toll to Germany, there are still agricultural surpluses in the provinces. One manages not too badly in the country towns, on a monotonous, but sufficient, local fare. The six million inhabitants of the agglomeration of Paris are alone in danger of malnutrition, although this danger has not yet materialized. February and March, when the supply of fresh vegetables will run out, may be crucial moments which neither American money nor ships can now prevent.

I am told, here in New York, that food conditions are worse in the free zone, always a less productive region. Of this I have no knowledge, as there is not even mail service between the zones.

If the food situation is a little misrepresented in America, one does not speak enough of the pain and discomfort of the cold. Your coal cards are useless; there is no coal to be had. Again this is a question of transportation. The mines are working only two days a week and even this small output piles at the minehead, for the railroads function mostly for military purposes, and all the canal barges that once carried a million tons of coal a year are immobilized in the Channel ports for the possible needs of intensive effort in the event of the invasion of England.

Nor does one realize, in America, the German infiltration into the economic life of France, by the purchase or ill-veiled seizure of shares in important companies, maneuvered through their control of banks. This is all done by technically legal methods in the approved fashion of gangster lawyers. As a result, even in case of a negotiated peace,

these interests will remain in German hands. German business men are flocking to Paris, jackals to pick up what the military lions have left untouched. They are the party men, the true Nazis, the sinister hand of German economic dominion. They have quasi-governmental functions and by an elaborate system of requisitions, quota systems and industrial reorganization in which they are past masters, the industrial wealth of the country is slipping into their hands. They are buying the handsome Paris homes of exiled Americans and Jews. They mean to stay.

All this is bitter medicine to France's big industrialists. One by one, these silk-hatted gentlemen, who disoriented France, who flirted with Nazism for years, who defended Munich, who were apostles then of conciliation and more recently of collaboration, one by one these fine gentlemen find their own precious pocketbooks pinched. Their loud squeals begin to echo from the Stock Exchange to the Bois de Boulogne. At last, and one by one, they are aligning their hopes against the Germans and on the side of the English, to form a real national unity with the little people and the peasantry who never hesitated.

In occupied France, the outward form of a French government is preserved. The French mails, police, tax collectors, social services, function more or less as before, but always with a German inspector somewhere in each office. To strengthen the French administrations against further German aggressions, M. Laval spent much of his time in Paris. This is at the origin of the silly report that he planned a separate government in Paris, independent of Marshal Pétain in Vichy.

It was while Laval was working in Paris that his bitter enemies, M. Baudouin and Admiral Darlan, achieved the palace revolution that brought about Laval's ouster. While no one in northern France had any love for Laval, who has a popular following only in his native Auvergne, one is bound to admit that his slick trading has done much to help the lot of the occupied provinces. The Vichy government is otherwise of no importance to the life of northern France. We saw it through the eyes of the German controlled press, much inclined to make fun of everything there except the venerable figure of the Marshal.

In France, things will get worse, much worse, before they get better. The appeasement policy of the Germans has failed. Their propaganda results are minus zero. They may now try repressive methods. In any case, we must count France-in-Europe out of the picture, as a factor in the continuance of the war. In moral and perhaps in physical suffering, France is about to atone for fifty years of utter materialism, of individual and collective selfishness, and for her inability to adjust her social order to the march of events. Let America take warning.

(Beginning with the introductory article by Sigrid Undset (January 4), this series has included articles on Vichy France, Poland, Holland and Denmark. Belgium will be treated next week.)

BERGSON SOUGHT THE TRUTH AND FOUND IT BEFORE THE END

HUNTER CUTHRIE, S.J.

THE DEATH in Paris on January 5 of this year of Henri Bergson, famous French philosopher, at the age of eighty-one, recalls the immense influence he exerted upon modern thought. This influence spread in a quarter of a century from a relatively small group of disciples to the entire world. He was hailed as an artisan of the French spiritual renaissance. M. Bergson was a Jew. Some weeks before his death he renounced all positions and all honors because of recent discriminatory legislation.

We are too close to the spirit that was Henri Bergson to estimate his stature in the perspective of history. It is for later generations to pass definitive judgment on his greatness. That he was great, that he influenced the thought of his contemporaries as few men in history have been privileged to do, these are facts which our times have witnessed and can appreciate.

Born at Paris in 1859, M. Bergson attained his intellectual maturity in a philosophical world from which spiritual and moral values had been exorcised. The realm of *being*, foundation for all metaphysics, was believed to have been annihilated or reduced to mere measurable insignificance. Human intelligence was either degraded to the level of sensation or denied its right to attain God, the Absolute. The Positivists, in the train of Auguste Comte, identified *being* with *corporeal being*. Taine reduced the life of the spirit to sensation, and sensation to movement, while Spencer subscribed to the relativity of knowledge and threw a barrier around the Absolute, which he decreed was unknowable.

Philosophy, once the servant of theology, now became the slave of science. In aping the viewpoint and method of its master, it reduced life to a quantitative mechanical phenomenon, and deprived it of all worth and value. Morality and conscience were branded "vital lies," until, as Bréhier reminds us in the case of Rénan, even the obligation to respect the truth was sacrificed in a spirit of irony to the more conservative attitude of accepting lies for fear of scandal. As Bréhier concludes, this was the era when intelligence was devouring itself.

Trained in the famous *Ecole Normale* under Ollé-Laprune and Boutroux and influenced by the vigorous thought of Lachelier, Bergson elected to follow the spiritual bent of their doctrines.

His materialistic contemporaries laid down as a

dogma that no essential difference could be found between internal and external experience. The mental processes of thought, they claimed, yielded no data which could not be found in ordinary sense-experience. Internal reflection of the mind and external experience of the senses bore the same characteristics of quantity and measurableness. But Bergson, in his first book, *Les Données immédiates de la conscience* (1889), which was his doctorate thesis, showed the radical difference between these two types of experience.

For him, an examination of the data of interior consciousness revealed an irreducible, immeasurable characteristic of pure finality, which proclaimed its transcendently spiritual nature. Out of this analysis sprang the elements of four fundamental notions. These dominated the thought of Bergson and their unfolding and development formed the matter for his subsequent philosophical development.

First of all, he distinguishes between intelligence, the faculty of measure, the instrument of science; and intuition, the faculty of insight, instrument of philosophy. Subjectively, he claims most of our errors—this was certainly true of the thought of his day—come from translating the findings of intuition into the spatial, measuring language of intelligence. Moreover, he goes on to show that the root of this error is nurtured by the fact that man's attention is habitually directed toward external data, which constitute the province of intelligence, while the work of philosophy can result only from a "conscious and reflected return to the data of intuition," but this return will be accomplished only by the difficult identification of the *homo faber* and the *homo sapiens*.

The next three fundamental notions are so many manifestations of the unique reality, which is the object of philosophical science. These are *Time*, *Becoming* and *Life*. The notion of *Time* is the master key to Bergson's doctrine. It forms the medium, whereby he hoped to pass from sensible space to intelligible space; from the sensitive intuition of *quantum* to the metaphysical conception of life. This is the central theme of Bergson's philosophy, the heart of his intellectual effort.

In the midst of a fruitful and crowded career of philosophy, he devoted some four years to mastering the mathematics of Einstein, to assure himself of the scientific validity of his notion. Time he distinguished radically from space. Objectively,

he claimed, the fundamental error of the "mechanical philosophers" and the determinists arose from the translation of time into space, of the successive into the simultaneous. The latter is composed of homogenous parts which may be made coincident and hence are capable of measure. Space is the condition of matter. Time, however, is pure quality, continued progress, at once the condition and the very growth of life itself.

Biologically, time is the *élan vital*, the vital effort of consciousness, pushing across the various levels of vegetation, sensitive and human life, ever seeking a more complete life, a more perfect organization, guided now by instinct, now by intelligence, until having freed itself from matter, it can give final expression to and complete embrace of itself in a progressively perfect intuition.

Psychologically, this time or *durée* constitutes the reality of the personal *Ego* and his participation in the *élan vital*. As a continued and simple current of reality it also constitutes the human consciousness and hence gives the lie to the associationist and phenomenalistic theories.

Finally, time in the realm of metaphysics is the *devenir pur* (pure "becoming"), the real object of philosophy, according to Bergson, and the universal explanation of things.

In his last great work, *Les deux sources de la morale et de la religion* (1932), M. Bergson considered the problems of morality and religion which brought him face to face with the question of God. Having distinguished the two faculties of intelligence and intuition in man, he now distinguishes two moralities and two religions, which are more or less products of these faculties. *Closed morality* is the result of man's need for society and his intelligent respect for the obligations which a communal life enjoins. *Open morality*, on the other hand, springs from an affective intuition of the creative love of God and is based on the efficacious impulse of charity.

Parallel to and, in a certain sense, supplementing or fortifying these two moralities, we have two religions, the one static, the other dynamic. *Static religion* supplements the obligation of closed morality by religious beliefs and a religious cult. These are of natural origin, the product of intelligence and creative imagination. *Dynamic religion*, on the other hand, results from the sane, profound intuition of Christian mystics. Refuting the pathological explanations of Pierre Janet and other psychologists, M. Bergson establishes a universal value for their personal experiences. In them, the *élan vital* attains its most perfect flowering, for they make immediate contact with the Source of all life. From them flow to the rest of mankind those spiritual urges which attach man to the most perfect form of religious and social life. Finally, on the intuitive experiences of these great mystics, Bergson founds his proof for the existence and principal attributes of the Christian God, mirrored in the intuitive experiences of the mystics.

Bergsonism is the latest, great synthesis of modern philosophy. As such it constitutes a gigantic step toward truth. Against the mechanical

atomists it establishes the transcendently superior reality of life; against the positivist it demonstrates the reality of spirit; against the relativists it proves the existence of an Absolute; against the agnosticism of Kant it reconquers the science of metaphysics.

Though Bergson can in no sense be called a Scholastic, nevertheless many of his theses may take their place in the *philosophia perennis*. While the semi-official attitude of the Sorbonne remained hostile to his doctrine, his lectures from the more elevated rostrum of the Collège de France created a spiritual revolution in the philosophical, literary and religious circles of France and were not without repercussions in other parts of the world, notably America. He has been called a pragmatist, but that superficial accusation either underestimates the important place which the consideration of action should have in any philosophy or it has missed the ultimate ideal of his thought which is the perfect, disinterested intuition of life.

He has been branded an anti-intellectualist because, on the one hand, he failed to recognize the realism of Aristotelian concepts and, on the other hand, he founded his method not on the intellect but on a power which he believed to be superior to it, intuition. Such an accusation is based on a narrow and prejudiced interpretation of the term intellectualism, and fails to take into account Bergson's position, the adversaries he had in view and the truth he was trying to establish. Bergson had two arch enemies, Kant and the positivist. The one failed to establish a metaphysics because he denied to man the power of intuition or, what broadly can amount to the same thing, he denied any intuitive value to the concept. The other, the positivist, failed to reach out beyond matter and the senses because he could not distinguish between the outline of an image and the form of an idea. In both cases, Bergson realized that the failure was due to a narrow and mechanistic notion of the intelligence. Rather than argue over a word, he decided to restore to man the power denied him. That power, for want of a better word, he named intuition.

It has been stated on good authority that Henri Bergson some years before his death was given the grace to follow the logical trends of his writings into the Catholic Church. For reasons best known to himself and his confessor, his conversion and Baptism were kept a secret. The truth of this report has recently been confirmed by Bergson's pupil, Mme. Jacques Maritain, in a public statement.

If this be so, then, it is not unlikely to assume that under God, Plotinus gave another great son to the Church. For, like Augustine, Bergson drew much of his inspiration from the great neo-Platonist. But even if this story of his conversion were not true, well might we say of him with Augustine: *quam multi non nostri adhuc quasi intus*, and add, as the great Saint did with regret: *et quam multi nostri adhuc quasi foris* (How many, who do not belong to us, are nevertheless within; and how many, who do belong to us, are still without!).

MANY BECOME CATHOLICS BY LISTENING TO THE RADIO

LESLIE RUMBLE M.S.C.

IN a recent issue of *AMERICA* (November 23, 1940) I wrote of the radio work which I commenced in Sydney, Australia, 1938, and have continued all through the years since then. And I gave the reasons impelling me to undertake the work, the method adopted, and the general attitude of the public toward such an open apostolate on behalf of Catholicism in Australia. But readers have expressed the wish to hear more. They would like concrete experiences, to hear of individual conversions, and to see the "Faith at work."

Now from the beginning I must candidly admit that with very many listeners the faith simply "doesn't work." In a radio audience many different types will necessarily be found, and some of them are quite impervious to anything Catholic. With them one cannot do more than be pleasant.

I remember announcing, in response to one inquiry: "Yes, it is true that I was once a Protestant, and that I later became a Catholic." At once came a challenging letter from another listener asking me to tell the truth and admit that I was always a Catholic and a Jesuit, and that I was ordered by the Pope to pretend to be a Protestant in order to get "inside information," and also be able to announce later my conversion to the Catholic Church! I could but read out such a challenge, and allow the fact that I had published it to suffice for an answer.

One cannot reason with wishful thinking based on a dislike of the Catholic Church. Sometimes this dislike is disguised under a romantic sentiment of sympathy for damsels in distress and issues in a burning desire to rescue the good nuns from their convent prisons. The imagination in such cases, of course, at once endows every nun with fictitious glamor and beauty. "Why," protested one man, "do you lock up all those beautiful girls in convents?" I tried to correct his imagination. "They are not all beautiful," I said. "Some of them are very plain and homely-looking women." But I had reckoned without thought of at least one loyal Catholic woman who wrote her indignant protest. "How dare you say our nuns are not beautiful! They are the most beautiful women in the world." I tried to placate her by saying that I had intended my references to apply to their faces, not to their souls. And I granted her contention where spiritual beauty and nobility of character were concerned. But her subsequent letters showed that she was far from placated and left me wiping the perspiration

from my brow, praying for the wisdom to steer a safe course between Scylla and Charybdis in the future.

One reply seemed to meet with universal approval. A listener, not called upon to endure it, was greatly disturbed by the celibacy of the clergy. "You priests and your celibacy," he wrote bitterly, "Tell me, have you yourself ever made anybody happy in your life?" "Well," I replied thoughtfully, "you should at least agree that I have made at least one person happier—the girl I didn't marry!" And he apparently found the thought of her lucky escape unanswerable. For myself, consolation came in the form of a letter from a Catholic. The bitterness that had prompted the inquiry had proved too much for him. He decided that he would "show them." He hadn't been to the Sacraments for years, but he would go to Confession and to Communion next Sunday!

As I have remarked, with the types of questions I have indicated, one can but be patient and pleasant. But they are really the few. And from the hosts of more reasonable and fair-minded listeners wherever the station is heard have come the happiest of results.

Priests have written from New Zealand, Victoria, Tasmania, Fiji, and from many other remote localities to tell of whole families received into the Church whose initial interest was awakened by a casual hearing of our Catholic radio session from Sydney.

A Bishop, travelling in the outposts of his diocese in New South Wales, came to a pocket in the hills where there was a lumber camp. He inquired for Catholics among the men. There were none. But there was one man who drew him aside and said he wanted to be a Catholic. For weeks past he had followed the radio session from Sydney, making copious notes in his slab hut of all that he heard. And the Bishop arranged for his transport to civilization and Catholicism, writing to me of the event as an encouragement to "keep going" on the air waves.

A priest, census-taking in the far north of Queensland, visited a little public school away in the out-back, and asked all children who were Catholics to put up their hands. One little fellow did so hesitantly. "Are you a Catholic or not?" asked the priest. "Not yet," said the little lad, "but Mummy says we're going to be." The child directed the priest to a farm-house some few miles

along the road, and there the priest found a father and mother and other children who bore out the assertion of the youngster at school. They had learned to believe in Catholicism solely from the radio "Question-Box" session, had written for Catholic books in order to study the religion more closely, and were wondering what steps to take next in order to become Catholics.

A Protestant lawyer, in a large country town some two hundred miles from Sydney, wrote that he was listening one evening about 7.30 p.m. when the thought suddenly struck him: "Here I have been listening to this session every Sunday night for months on end and always I have been in full agreement with the Catholic reply to every difficulty. It is time I did something about it!" He switched off his radio then and there, put on his hat and coat, and within half an hour was interviewing the local priest to make arrangements for his preparation to become a Catholic. And he is an excellent one today.

A letter from a priest in London, down near the Tilbury Docks, told me of a visit from an officer off one of the P & O Liners plying to Australia. He knocked at the door of the rectory there and asked to become a Catholic. While his boat was in Sydney, he had listened to the Catholic radio session there, had been impressed by what he heard, had bought the book of collected *Radio Replies* and read it in his spare moments on the way back to England and saw no answer to the Catholic position save to become a Catholic himself. The P & O boat may now be at the bottom of the ocean. The rectory near the Docks may have been blown to fragments by undiscerning bombers. I hope the priest is safe. But in any case that officer found the happiness he sought and of which no earthly troubles can deprive him.

Listeners in the city of Sydney itself, of course, most often write to request an interview with the actual speaker they have heard. But if I had to make a case-list of all with whom I have dealt personally there would be need of a dozen books. And if I were to add to my record the surprising outcome of such interviews, unending volumes would be required.

There came to see me one day a gentleman dressed in a gray suit who looked like a business salesman. But he commenced the interview by saying: "I am an Anglican priest. I did not wish to be seen coming here in my clerical dress." I looked at him quizzically. "If you're an Anglican," I said, "it means that you are not a priest at all in the Catholic sense of the word." "I know," he replied, and I have never believed myself to be a priest as Catholics understand it. But now I and my wife have listened to your radio explanations of Catholicisms and have read the collected edition of your *Radio Replies*. We are convinced that we should become Catholics. And I am perfectly willing to become a Catholic layman provided you can get me suitable and permanent work." I could not do so, try as I would. He is still functioning as an Anglican minister, waiting for an opportunity I am afraid he is little likely to create, in order to

take the step without too much temporal discomfort.

Far otherwise was it with the Superior of the Anglican Community of the Ascension Fathers at Goulburn, N.S.W., who came to discuss his difficulties, went back to inform his Community that he could no longer believe in Anglicanism, bade them all goodbye and came back in lay clothing to be received into the Church with no certain prospects for the future at all, and no resources to provide even for his immediate necessities. In the end, Anglican friends, who disagreed with the step he had taken but were grateful for the services he had rendered them, stepped in and defrayed the expenses of his journey to Rome that he might enter the Beda College there in order to study for the priesthood.

But I am reaching my space-limits. All I can add is that converts have come from every walk of life, and from every shade of belief or unbelief. A Methodist husband, married for forty years to an excellent Catholic wife, but apparently the more obstinate for all her pleadings and prayers, listened without her knowledge to the Catholic radio session while she was at Benediction and suddenly announced his intention of becoming a Catholic. There was joy in that home! A Protestant wife, deserted by her husband, came with her children to be received into the Church because she heard that he had listened to the session, had desired to become a Catholic and was refused because he had deserted her for another, and would not rectify the wrong. An indirect result, but a strangely compensating blessing! Agnostics, Presbyterians, Jews and Baptists, lawyers and doctors, clerks and laborers, men and women and children—the list is unending. Some are drawn by the infallible certainty and satisfaction the Catholic Church can offer to their minds.

They have perceived that Scripture, history, and logic leave no option but to be a Catholic. Others have felt the beauty of her worship, or the fidelity of her stand for the moral law in every department of life, both individually and socially. Yet others have been driven to the Church by the sheer need of the spiritual Physician Who alone can deal with their sins. One man came after hearing an explanation of the confessional and said that he would become a Catholic for that alone! Afterward he saw the point that everything else must prove just as acceptable, before he could become a Catholic.

Surely the conclusion remains that the radio is an apostolate of immense significance and power. It enables a priest to speak in the homes of people who would not set foot inside a Catholic Church. It is a constant source of deep human interest, ever in contact with those alternating elements of comedy and tragedy which make up life itself. It often brings the most astonishing and unexpected results. One never knows how far the influence of a single utterance will extend. But one does know that the grace of God can extend the influence of that single utterance to the ends of the earth, and even to the grandchildren of those who heard it spoken.

FOR SOME, IT IS A CRUSADE; FOR ALL, IT IS AGAINST HITLER

ARNOLD LUNN

SAID a Catholic friend of mine, a university professor: "I refuse to take sides in this Spanish War. It is impossible to extract the truth from the flood of propaganda. I think the Spanish upper classes are largely to blame for this war, and I agree with Maritain that it is fantastic to describe this war as a holy war or crusade. And I have no confidence that Franco, if he wins, will govern the country in full accordance with Catholic principles and ideals."

I replied that we should despise a juryman who screamed "propaganda" the moment that an advocate opened his lips, that it was the duty of Catholics, particularly of Catholic teachers, to hear what the supporters and enemies of Franco had to say, and to render a verdict in accordance with the evidence. Those who were too busy to study the evidence should accept the verdict of the Pope and the Spanish Hierarchy, both of whom had condemned the anti-religious excesses of the Republicans. Their pronouncements were not infallible, but the Catholic belongs to a teaching Church and should be able to produce some better reason than lack of curiosity if he is not prepared to accept the verdict of the Catholic Hierarchy in the country concerned.

"What matters," I continued, "is not Spain's past, but the future of the Spanish Church; not Franco's motives for fighting this war, but the effect on the Church if Franco loses. I do not believe that every Spaniard fighting for Franco is a pious Catholic, or that every Spaniard fighting against him is an atheist; but I observe that in his territory every church is open and that in the territory of the Republicans every church is closed. There has never been a war in which all the rights were on one side, or in which only one side had just grievances; but in this imperfect world our effective choice is not between white and black, but between various shades of gray, and I prefer the Franco shade to the Republican shade.

"I am sorry that it has been necessary for Franco to accept help from Hitler; but there is nothing in theology which prevents our asking a bad man to do a good action. I am interested in results, not in terminology and shall not dispute Monsieur Maritain's right to give this war any pet name he pleases. If the war be judged by what is at stake, the future of the Church in Spain, it is certainly a crusade. If it be judged by the motives of the average Carlist, it is certainly a crusade. If

it be judged by the motives of many Phalangists, it is not a crusade."

This apologia can be used, almost unedited, as a defense today of Great Britain. The question which is posed: "Is England fighting a crusade?" seems to me profoundly unimportant. It provokes an answer similar to the answer which I gave to enemies of General Franco. The future of the Spanish Church depended, humanly speaking, on a Franco victory. The future of the Church in Europe depends today on a British victory. And what matters is not England's past, but Europe's future.

A famous American Jesuit, of Irish descent, has recently added yet another to that invaluable series of pamphlets issued by the Paulist Press. *Nazism versus Religion*, by Father Raymond Feely, quotes the verdict of the late Pope, of the German Hierarchy and of the American Hierarchy, all of whom agree that (in the words of the late Pope) the Nazis from the first "had no other aim than a war of extermination."

No words could be graver than those in which the American Bishops, in session at Washington in 1937, condemned the Nazis:

Today the sense of all religious-minded men and women throughout the world is outraged by the Satanic resourcefulness of these leaders of modern thought and by the incredible excesses committed by them in their attempt to exterminate religion and to blot out from the minds of the German people all true knowledge and love of God.

It would be impossible to be more explicit, had the Bishops desired to proclaim a crusade against anti-Christ.

With the general question of American intervention, I am not concerned. That is a question for Americans to decide. Political isolation is a political question, but I maintain that spiritual isolation is impossible for Catholics, if the doctrine of the Mystical Body has any meaning. No American Catholic, who is a Catholic rather than a sectarian, can remain unmoved by the sufferings of Catholics in Poland or refuse his prayers for those on whose courage depends today the rebirth of Catholic Poland.

A great deal of nonsense is talked about the Versailles Treaty. If the treaty which follows this war recreates Catholic Poland, the principal legacy of Versailles to Europe, this war will not have been fought in vain.

Read again, I beg you, the grave pronounce-

ment of the American Hierarchy. "Satanic resourcefulness . . . exterminate religion. . . ." These are words which are only justifiable if Hitler can reasonably be compared with anti-Christ. What think ye of anti-Christ? That is the question which demands an answer today. Not, what think ye of England?

It is, of course, no new thing for nationalism to be infinitely stronger than religion. In 1683 when the Turks were advancing on Vienna, Louis XIV, who hated Austria, vainly endeavored to persuade Sobieski to adopt a policy of non-intervention; but Sobieski, King of the Poles, came to the rescue of the Viennese and the Turkish threat to Christendom was averted. No doubt Louis XIV had some just grievances against the Austrians, but "what think ye of anti-Christ?" not "what think ye of Austria?" was the only question that mattered when the Turks stood before the beleaguered gates of Vienna.

I am touched by the fact that so many Americans of English ancestry should be anxious to come to England's help. There is no reason why English Americans should rush to help England, and many reasons why Irish Americans should be reluctant to help England, *qua* England. But there are a thousand good reasons why American Catholics, Irish and Irish Americans, should wish to hinder Hitler. Many American Catholics realize this, but there is a minority which is more interested in England's past than in Ireland's future. Their faith in England's invincibility is so potent that they never pause to consider the certainty that Ireland will lose the independence, for which she battled so heroically, if Britain goes down in this war. What think ye of anti-Christ? It will be time enough to revive the ancient story of England's wickedness as to Ireland when anti-Christ has been beaten and Catholic Poland restored.

I believe that Britain could make peace tomorrow, if we were prepared to allow Hitler to transform the small countries which he has annexed into slave states. To me this war is primarily a war for the liberation of Europe from an anti-Christian tyranny.

At the midnight Mass of Christmas, 1939, I knelt between two Austrian exiles who were praying, as I was praying, for the rebirth of that Catholic Austria which "we have loved long since and lost awhile." They indulged in no wishful thinking popular among those who wish to hope the best of a man who intends the worst to John Bull. They had no hope that Hitler's attitude to the Church would be mollified by victory in war, and no confidence in the power of Germany's many millions of Catholics to withstand the subtlest of all forms of persecution, economic. England was Catholic when Elizabeth came to the throne, and Hitler is far more formidable than Queen Elizabeth.

Many Catholics are trying to persuade themselves that it is only "political Catholicism" that is being persecuted in Germany and that a victorious Hitler will come to terms with the Church. In Nazi Germany, as in Republican Spain, wishful thinkers among Catholics rejected the clear warn-

ings of the Pope and the Hierarchies of Spain and of Germany respectively.

It is because I love the little countries which Hitler has overrun that the thought of a compromise peace is intolerable to me. I remember the tragic farewells in Switzerland after the Germans had broken through near Sedan. I remember a sorrowful interview in Buckingham Palace with a great Norwegian who had accompanied his King into exile. I remember an evening at the Chateau de Laaken with the gallant father of a gallant son. (I have a letter with me from an Englishman who was with King Leopold to the last, and who can document that complete vindication which no historian will dispute when the facts are known.) I remember the quiet certainty with which a Czech friend remarked to me in Prague, just before the Germans walked in, that only a European war could save her country. I remember Poland before the bombardment.

Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland and Greece have as much right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as America and Ireland; but their hope of freedom, depends, as Ireland's ultimately depends, on a Nazi collapse. It is what England is fighting *against*, not what England is fighting *for*, which is the basic factor in the modern world.

Is this war a crusade? The Catholic dictionary defines a crusade as "any undertaking in fulfillment of a vow and directed against infidels." We are fighting not the German people but the Nazis, and the Nazis are infidels and it was our pledge to Poland which involved us in war; but I should not be prepared to base our case on the technical interpretation of a Catholic definition.

We are fighting primarily for England and the English way of life; but what rules out compromise as impossible is the fact that every thinking Englishman is inspired in this war not only by love of England, but also by love of a religion, race, or political ideal directly threatened by Hitler. Mr. Victor Gollanz, for instance, is as uncompromising as I am, but for different reasons. As the founder of the Left Book Club and as a Jew, he sees in Hitler the supreme enemy of his race and of his political ideals. Mr. Gollanz has no interests in the survival of the specific Christian attributes of European civilization, and the war is therefore not a crusade for Mr. Gollanz or for those who, like him, reject that Cross which was the emblem of the crusader. But the war is a crusade for me, and for millions of Englishmen who love that old culture of Christian Europe which will vanish if Hitler wins.

I have never claimed that the British Government is formally fighting for Christian civilization, but there are thousands of young English in the fighting services, my sons among them, who will fight with greater determination and, if need be, die with less regret, because they know that it is their courage which will yet save Christendom from an enemy even more dangerous and far less chivalrous than the Turk whom Sobieski routed before the gates of Vienna.

FOR ERIC GILL: MAY HE HAVE REST

RT. REV. ARTHUR JACKMAN

OF recent years, no death has dismayed me more than that of Eric Gill, who died on November 17. His loss, coming during the present awful time, is, with due respect to God's will, all the more to be deplored. In him we had a supremely honest man, whose acts were consistent with his beliefs, and whose simplicity of soul was without the slightest suspicion of affectation. That in his early days he called himself a Socialist, was the first proof that he believed in social justice; that he later felt drawn to the Church, was due to his determination to serve Divine justice. Hence, nowhere would he find himself at home but in the hidden teaching of the Catholic Church. If his keenly observant mind could not fail to see this Catholic social teaching, largely unpractised by Catholics, the greatness of his childlike faith overlooked persons in its instinct for Divine principle.

Eric Gill, of course, recognized human nature in the Church as well as in the world. He knew it was his business to be a good Christian, without raising himself to prideful judgment of his fellow Catholics and without lowering himself to servility and following in the rut of easy-going convention. A truly humble man, and not, therefore, dishonest or insincere to his Bride, the Church, he endeavored to practise and portray its teaching in his daily routine and in his art. Despite much misunderstanding, he followed this, so to say, monastic rule all his life, after he submitted to the Church. He was made an artist; to be poor was his own choice. He could have been a rich man and popular among his own, had he been willing to sell his soul. His Leeds tablet revealed to his friends and foes alike, the vigorous fiber of his character and the thorough integrity of the man.

Eric Gill was one who in medieval days would, within a few weeks of his death, have been acclaimed as a saint by popular vote. He was merely tiresome to the worldling, as all real men are; but he was a healthy, though unpleasant, emetic to that sluggish, lazy, clogged community which has no soul above respectability. His downright and outspoken contempt for the bourgeois scandalized, also, a number of good but timid souls, lay and clerical alike. He was no comfortable, compromising Catholic, but a realist in religious practice.

Gill had toughness as well as goodness. The thoroughness of the artist and craftsman discovered to him virtues hidden from many a conventional superior, because, being holy, he probed deeper, being a saint he saw further. He penetrated the mists that balked us mediocrities. His approval of what was right and therefore to be approved in Communists, Soviets and book clubs was based upon a

knowledge of the truth and justice that underlay their superficiality.

Eric Gill's strict doctrine that men are personally responsible for their own actions forbade him to justify these self-elect merely because they appeal from the ultimate principles of justice, and appeal to the present economic system of the industrialized world.

In his pacifism again he was true to his own standard, misunderstood as it was by many a fool and craven. His past life, no less than his present, proved him no coward. Indeed, the hero in him begot his pacifism by thinking it easier to fight for one's country than for one's conscience. Eric Gill's pacifism grew out of his life. He was no crank, no emasculated eccentric, but he could not reconcile war with his convictions and his concept of the true spirit of Christ.

He had early hitched his wagon to the Dominican star and under the guidance of such a saintly man and wise director as Father Bede Jarrett and others, he steered a safe course and, with all the grace and tact it implies, lived a real Catholic life. That was his supreme art.

As a graphic artist, Eric Gill is represented in Westminster Cathedral by his superb Stations of the Cross, so direct in their inspiration and execution. His work on the Stations was put in jeopardy in the last war, when his conscription became imminent. He asked me to help his exemption, in order to allow him to carry on his work, though he characteristically allowed that many would perhaps consider his early demise a greater benefit to the Cathedral. He cut the stone for the Stations at Ditchling, but when they were *in situ*, their lights and shades were so disappointing that his artistic conscience made him re-cut the reliefs one by one in their permanent position. He worked as he loved to work, as a laborer, using his hands skilfully. A woman seeing him inquired if he were the sculptor. "No! No! Madam," he replied, "I do not call myself a sculptor; I am just a stone chipper." On another occasion a smartly dressed woman said to him: "Are you the one who is carving these Stations?" He answered gently: "Yes, madam." Like a bullet from a gun, she rapped out: "Then I don't think they are at all nice." She was not prepared for his reply, if it was a reply: "Neither do I, Madam."

Almost his last work is the very beautiful central altar piece for St. George's Chapel in Westminster Cathedral.

He loved the Cathedral; and oftentimes one would meet him there wandering around looking for a priest to whom to confess as saints best know how.

The Obituary, in the London *Times*, lists many of his works; one should add that he was responsible for some of our recent postage-stamp designs; and his beautiful lettering may be seen in one of England's most beautiful churches, Holy Rood, Watford.

He was only 58; he was taken too early, for God loved him as the Lord loved Peter who, too, made many mistakes.

CAMP TRAINING

NOW that thousands of young men are gathered in military camps throughout the country, it is important that they be given a training which will send them back to civil life no worse for the experience and, if possible, considerably improved. We have no great confidence in the theory, frequently expressed, that "there is nothing like a military training to train a young fellow in good order and in respect for authority." That theory is measurably true, under two conditions; first, that at least a majority of the trainers be men whom the disciples can respect, and, second, that the training itself be based not alone on respect for military authority, but for all legitimate authority and, in particular, on respect for the authority of God.

After all, we can ask more from a military training than a healthy young man who knows how to use a gun. He ought to know precisely why he must work for the welfare of others and not primarily for his own, and why he must obey, as well as what he must obey. Otherwise, the finished product of a military camp may be nothing but an automaton, seething inwardly with resentment, and only waiting for a favorable opportunity to rebel. We learned that to our sorrow during the World War. We shall learn it again, to our deeper sorrow, unless the spiritual element is given its proper place in the training of the young men in the camps, a majority of whom have left the wholesome restraints of home, for the first time in their lives.

Much money has been spent upon amusement-halls in the camps, and upon athletic fields and the necessary gear for various games. If properly expended, this is money well spent, for these youngsters need healthy forms of relaxation. Some attention, too, has been given to the question of vocational training, and for those of the boys who are manual-minded rather than book-minded, this training can be of immense benefit. The intellectual progress of the young men who have a taste for literature, history, mathematics and science should also be considered in planning camp training. The country will not gain much, certainly not what it may reasonably ask, if our military camps turn out nothing but healthy young animals whose aim is to account for a dozen of the enemy before they fall. Whether we go to war or not, most of them will return to civil life, and we hope to see them better men and better citizens when their period of military training has expired.

That desirable end can be achieved only if the young soldiers are encouraged to base their fidelity to military rule upon their fidelity to God and His law. Every opportunity should be given the chaplains to exercise their sacred functions, and the complaints of hide-bound brass-hats should not be permitted to interfere with the work of these ministers of religion. Our motto at this crisis is "For God and country," and we cannot afford to forget that in this statement of our aim God comes first.

EDITOR

THE NEW PROSPERITY

THE Secretary of Labor has announced that the number of the unemployed is rapidly decreasing. That is true, but the Secretary seems to find nothing ominous in the fact that the former unemployed are now in munition factories. These factories are necessary for adequate national protection, but unless we are committed to war for the rest of our lives, they do not indicate a return to economic prosperity. Unless we can find a profitable use for them immediately after the war, the present gain will turn out to be what the President, a few years ago, truthfully styled "fools' gold."

STATE CONTROL

AS day by day workers stream into the munition factories, the old problem of the control which the Government may legitimately exercise over a labor union, arises in a more acute form. Already the extremists have become vocal, and even strident. Some seem to hold that no union has any rights which the Government is bound to respect. At the other end of the warring camps, we find marplots who apparently contend that the Government has no rights which the union need respect. Obviously, the truth is found in neither view, but it is, confessedly, not easy to draw the precise line beyond which legitimate state control tends to become undue control.

The general principle that the state is bound to lend adequate aid when personal effort is insufficient, holds true of private societies as well as of individuals. When Leo XIII vigorously defended the right of workers to form unions, and taught that these associations could not be "absolutely and as such" forbidden by the state, he conceded the state some degree of control. But he demanded good faith from the state, warning it not to "violate the right of individuals, and not to impose unreasonable regulations under pretense of the public benefit," nor did he hesitate to insist, in this connection, that "laws bind only when they are in accord with right reason, and hence with the eternal law of God." In general, then, it is the duty of the state to encourage the formation of unions by workers, and to protect them by appropriate legislation.

SPIRITISM

IS there significance in the booklets and magazines on Spiritism appearing in the last few months on our public bookstands? It was noted during and immediately after the First World War that Spiritism and kindred evils deluded many troubled hearts. Those who know the consolation found in prayer and in the Sacraments, will not seek to know what God has not revealed through His ordinary Providence. They realize that God has His designs in all that He permits to happen, and that He lovingly cares for all who confide in His fatherly protection. In that conviction, they find peace.

TRO OF THE UNION

Unfortunately, in regulating the use of this right, the state may kill by too much kindness, as well as by an excess of severity. Speaking in New York last month before the State Chamber of Commerce, the well-known A. F. of L. leader, Matthew Woll, urged a view which has often been stated by this Review. In the use of Federal power to fix hours of work and wages, "and to prescribe the form and character of our trade and labor organizations," said Mr. Woll, there is great danger that the Government may encroach upon fields of life and action which should be preserved by "the free and voluntary action of the people themselves." Labor and capital have reason to cooperate in checking unwarranted intrusion upon their operations, he concluded, both for their own benefit, and for the economic welfare of the whole country.

One approach to a solution of our problem would be found in encouraging workers, employers, and representatives of the public to confer freely in an effort to reach an agreement upon what constitutes proper freedom. Rules and regulations issued by Federal agents may well be suspected by the labor unions, particularly since many of these decrees have the force of law. What one group of administrators may arrange to the satisfaction of the union may be replaced at another time by decisions which seriously hamper the union's legitimate freedom, and the same treatment can be meted out to employers. For both capital and labor, bureaucracy is the bane that kills.

OUR PASSING DEMOCRACY

THE prevailing theory at Washington is that the only way this country can keep out of the war in Europe is to get in it. Closely connected with this theory is another which states that it is the duty of the American people to guarantee freedom, by force of arms if necessary, in any part of the world in which freedom is assailed.

In support of these theories, the Barkley-McCormack bill has been introduced in Congress. This bill proposes to vest the President with the right, among other rights, to open our ports to British war vessels, and to transfer to Great Britain, in such proportion as he deems necessary and proper, the ships, planes, tanks, guns, and other munitions of war which are now being constructed and which will be paid for, by the American people.

Should this bill become law, we may look to see the Brooklyn Navy Yard transformed into a British naval station, equipped with every device for rebuilding and replenishing all war-craft which Great Britain may send to it. In that case, the city of New York will, naturally, be deemed an enemy port, subject to attack by the German forces in the manner of London and Coventry.

This picture is by no means overdrawn. It is not a caricature. In his first fireside chat of the year, the President himself warned us in the most serious language that the distance between Europe and the United States can easily be covered by bombing planes. Further, improved air-craft daily shorten this distance.

In that case, it is proper to inquire what protection against bombing-planes the Government has provided for New York. At present, and for years to come, it can offer none.

Nations usually declare war, only after they have prepared for war. We are asked to reverse the process by authorizing the President to bring the country into a war not declared by Congress, before sufficient preparation has been made. The Barkley-McCormack bill not only sets aside the constitutional prerogative of Congress to declare war, but empowers the President to transfer the army and navy of the United States, despite the provisions of any Federal law "to any country whose defense the President deems vital to the defense of the United States." Further, he may make this transfer on terms which need not be submitted to the representatives of the people in Congress. It suffices, if the terms "be those which the President deems satisfactory." Finally, to provide for possible powers not specifically conferred by this monstrous bill, it is provided that the President may make and promulgate rules and regulations, and enforce them through any agency or individual, as he may see fit.

It is still possible for an American to speak his mind about this bill for the creation of an American dictatorship. Should the bill be enacted, criticism will in all probability be treated as rebellion or treason. Hence, every American who believes that we ought to imitate Great Britain, and main-

tain a foreign policy which looks first to the interests of our own people, should send his protest against the destruction of our constitutional form of government by this bill, to his Representative in the House and to his Senators. The least upon which we may insist, and must insist, is that this bill, despite the President's request for speedy enactment, be fully and freely considered by Congress, and that the views of Americans who oppose it be given respectful hearing.

We are not satisfied with the President's expressed hope that he may never be obliged to use any of the powers which the bill confers. It is our conviction that no one man, be he another Washington or Lincoln, should be clothed for a moment with powers to make war, and alliances for war, and to use the military force of the Government in a foreign war, in a manner not countenanced by the Constitution of the United States. It is our conviction that the conferring of such powers is the first step in the creation of a dictatorship in this country, if indeed, it does not actually create that dictatorship.

Jefferson was eternally right when he declared that Governments never relinquish a power once granted, but always seek to retain and expand it. Step by step we have retraced the dark path which led us into war in 1917. Beginning with aid short of war, we are now asked to provide an "all out" aid to Great Britain's democracy, and to begin by suppressing democracy at home.

Once suppressed, who can say by what long travail of human suffering it will ever be re-established? May Almighty God guide our counsels in this dark hour to which we have been brought by the unhallowed ambitions of men in other countries, and strengthen us to be true to our American principles and traditions, and to Him to Whose guidance our fathers trusted.

THE FIRST DRAM

IT is certain that the Federated Council of Churches will never accept the proposition that whiskey, any whiskey, can be "nutritious and character-forming," to recall Pegler's famous phrase. We agree with the Council, but we regret that at its latest meeting the Council urged all church organizations to work for Federal Prohibition.

We still believe that the undoubted evils of the traffic in intoxicating liquors can be more effectively attacked on a local field. In our view, the Council would have done better to marshal its forces to secure what we have never had; proper State legislation, strictly and consistently enforced.

But even the best legislation will fail, unless we teach our young people habits of self-restraint, founded upon and vitalized by motives of religion. We have very great respect for the man who uses whiskey regularly and always temperately, but at the same time it seems to us that when a young man pours out his first dram, he needlessly imperils his future. He gains nothing, and may lose the best that can be won in life by self-control, clear thinking, and hard work.

AS LITTLE CHILDREN

IT is consoling to think that God looks on us as little children. But that belief ought not to encourage us to act toward Almighty God like naughty, ill-bred children. It was once customary for parents to take great pains to teach their children how to ask nicely for what they needed, how to put up with a refusal, and how to say thank you. Today some parents are much too busy with unimportant trifles, and can find no time to train their children. Unlike them, the Church, our spiritual Mother, is always striving to teach us good manners, especially in our prayers for what we consider temporal necessities, and in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Matthew, viii, 1-13) she asks us to study two men of very different stations in life who came to offer a petition to Our Lord.

The first of these was a leper, one of those many attractive figures in the Sunday Gospels whose names we shall never know until we meet them in Heaven. He made his way through the crowds that surrounded Jesus, and on coming into that Sacred Presence, knelt in adoration. His prayer was very simple, and what we first notice in it is its clear affirmation of Our Lord's power. "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." But besides faith, there is another beautiful quality in this prayer; its resignation to God's Holy Will. It is as if he had said, "Lord, please cure me, but if you wish me to remain a leper, I submit to Your Will for I know that is best."

If we compare our prayers for temporal aid, with this prayer of the leper, we can see why his was heard, and why ours are so often left unanswered. The truth is that petitions which lack faith and resignation are not real prayers. We demand, as though we knew better than God what is good for us, and often our prayers are words we say as a matter of form, and not because we really mean them.

The second figure in tomorrow's Gospel is even more engaging than the leper. He was not a Jew but a Gentile, a Centurion, or leader of a body of one hundred Roman soldiers. Although a man accustomed to give orders, he was not a hard, unfeeling master, as is proved by his request. He did not ask Jesus for anything for himself, but for his servant "at home sick of the palsy." When Our Lord offered to go into the Centurion's house to heal the sick man, the Centurion addressed Him in words which the Church loves so much that she repeats them every day in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof." The Church prizes these words, not only because they pleased the Heart of Christ, but because they teach us that prayer should be marked by humility, as well as by faith and resignation.

In our prayers, let us go to God as a little child goes to its mother, full of trust, but let us not be as naughty children who sometimes rebel when what they ask is refused. For God loves us more than any earthly mother can love, and He always does what is best for us.

CORRESPONDENCE

GRADUALIST

EDITOR: Soon after the holidays a meaningful letter from a reader appeared in one of our newspapers. The letter writer wondered why charity drives are made at the financially difficult Christmas time, when home and family and relatives and Church and friends and business and clubs and private and personal charities take about all we have from us.

The letter writer suggested that charitable organizations should stagger their appeals through the year, and reminded us that country pastors wisely take up collections for winter fuel when summer vacationists fill their churches. The letter writer declared that a deluge of petitions, worthy though they be, harden us when they sweep in from here, there and everywhere around December 25, but if these pleas were to come to us gradually through the twelve months, we would be touched and possibly find ways to help.

New York, N. Y.

K. T. HALL

GREAT LAMP

EDITOR: Father Ong's novel article, a tale of titles, misses out, it seems to me, in the reason for the appeal of "dreamy, sentimental, romanticizing" titles. He gives the credit—or its opposite—to publishers' demand for sales. And yet, by the way he himself arranges his twenty-two titles into the form of poetry, he inadvertantly solves the problem.

All the titles have the rhythmic lilt, the natural beat that is inherent as a poetic instinct in every age of man. Whether through the jungle tom-tom, the swaying-with-words of a Greek chorus, the simple love song of a Lovelace, the sublime iambs of a Milton, people crave poetry. It is a Great Lamp, and every age gathers for its warmth and light. And in this our day, since so little romantic poetry is being written, readers lap it thirstingly even from book titles.

What a pity that the sordid content of novels furnishes so frequently an anesthetic for the natural estheticism of the human soul! When the grapes of our wrath are opened and found bitter, the two-fifty some of us were unfortunate enough to have paid out for them is safe in the coffers of the publisher! We who seek ambrosia are furnished gall.

Flushing, N. Y.

MARIE DUFF

MISSAL

EDITOR: May I suggest to the lady who has difficulty in using her missal (AMERICA, December 14) to follow the *Ordo* and arrange her missal before attending Mass?

Light has just dawned on my efforts following

a year of much confusion in learning to use my missal, but following the priest during Divine Service is so much more interesting now that I wish to pass this information on to others.

Newburg, N. Y.

A. E. H.

EDITOR: I would like to express my opinion on how I feel about the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and novenas.

I am a trained nurse and while working in that capacity in New York and Philadelphia I was glad to have the opportunity of attending daily Mass. But many of us could not attend, even on Sunday, if the priest had to follow the aspirations of Mrs. Rausch (AMERICA, December 14).

I have always been led to believe that the highest form of worship is adoration, and anyone who meditates on the passion of Christ, which is the Mass, does not need to labor over a missal.

I have met many converts and people who have changed their lives during a novena.

The thousands of people who rush to a daily Mass do not all have brand new homes and husbands. They often have to make their thanksgiving on their way to a long, hard day's work.

During a novena, we can relax and hear a good sermon and receive God's blessing at Benediction. Out here in this mission country, young priests have left home and kindred and come six thousand miles away to help us save our souls. How I hate to hear them criticized. Nobody with the right disposition would compare the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass unto a show, in a crude manner.

God bless the priests who say Mass quickly.

Springfield, Calif.

R. KELLY, R.N.

UNITY

EDITOR: The general desire for religious unity, discussed by Father Rumble (*Are American Catholics Growing Soft and Satisfied?*, AMERICA, January 4), seems to spring from a sudden awakening to the effects in Europe of the attempt by an ungodly minority to gain international control of majorities by provoking them into warring racial and economic factions. Although the motive for religious unity is not as high as it ought to be, it does provide an opportunity to promote a better mutual understanding between the adherents of different churches in the interest of civic and social harmony. Without such harmony the possibility of removing prejudice to Catholicism would seem to be reduced.

The contacts and other circumstances which unite non-Catholics with Catholics are too numerous and important to be completely disregarded. If there is a general desire for religious unity, Catholics cannot be immune to its influence. Either

we will tend to convert others or be converted to an untenable and dangerous position. If there are dangers in the movement the fault is in ourselves, not in the doctrine of religious unity, better recognized as the One Fold.

It is strange that we who pray for the souls in Purgatory, who are safe at least, so seldom pray that souls groping for eternal happiness along uncertain and unsafe by-paths, might share with us the gift of Faith, by which all graces and Sacraments are made available to us.

New York, N. Y.

HENRY V. MORAN

DANGER

EDITOR: The article by Father Leslie Rumble, M.S.C., entitled *Are American Catholics Growing Soft and Satisfied?* (AMERICA, January 4), is a most opportune protest against assemblies of Catholics and non-Catholics for religious discussion, in which all the participants are accorded the same standing.

Whatever advantages may be procured by "three-faiths" conferences, and whatever safeguards may be taken by the Catholic representatives to avoid compromise of principles, there is undoubtedly grave danger of the impression being given that it makes no essential difference what particular religion a person may profess, provided he worships God and is faithful to his religious convictions. Certainly, it is difficult to reconcile such gatherings with the traditional attitude of the Church, and particularly with the principles laid down by Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical *Mortalium Animos* of January 6, 1928.

(REV.) FRANCIS J. CONNELL, C.S.S.R.

Washington, D. C.

APPLAUSE

EDITOR: In these really crucial times, when the powers that be are frenziedly beating the tocsin of a wholly unholy Jihad, it is reassuring and sobering, if not heartening, to find that a few of our legislators of the level-headed caliber and battle-scarred sagacity type, like Edith Nourse Rogers, of Massachusetts, are not to be stampeded into inconsiderate applause of the inflammatory verbal pyrotechnics of our second-rate Caesar.

Tyngsboro, Mass.

LEO CHALLOUX

CHRONICLE

EDITOR: As a constant reader of AMERICA for many years past I have come to lean heavily on the Chronicle pages for exact and concise information as to what is going on in the world. In it I found many items which had not come to my attention elsewhere. Also I felt that I could rely on the impartial and true statement of facts, which I cannot say for information gained elsewhere in magazines or over the radio. These days one must be ever on the watch to avoid propaganda and misinformation, and I shall sorely miss the one source of facts which I felt I could trust.

If this is another example of the suppression of true facts in the news by our Government Administration, then truly we are not far removed from the totalitarian governments of Europe.

Hollywood, Calif.

G. M. MINOT

EDITOR: It was with profound disappointment that I noted the suppression of the Chronicle, which I believed to be the most informative, enlightening, critical and masterful summary of world news printed anywhere. For my part, I beg that you continue it exactly as it was.

And I am happy to acknowledge my great debt of gratitude to the genius which has devoted itself unsparingly to the service and education of the Catholic Mind.

Woodstock, Md.

JAMES J. LYNCH, S.J.

EDITOR: I am going to miss Chronicle. Since I've known AMERICA, I have waited to see Chronicle before believing the information in newspapers and broadcasts. It was indispensable during the recent Spanish War, when no other news agent seemed to have the truth or the inclination to tell simply the truth.

Perhaps the newly expanded comment will give us enough facts to keep going on, but the Spanish War situation just referred to has given this reader a permanent distrust of newspapers and radio newscasters. So if I don't get the facts from AMERICA, I'll go uninformed rather than be misinformed.

At a time when events mean so much in every private life you seem to be withdrawing a most valuable service. I'm willing to wager that most AMERICA readers regarded Chronicle as the one source of true news.

However, your long experience in operating a successful and superior magazine is not to be questioned. Long live AMERICA! May God continue to guide her editors.

Williamsville, N. Y.

RUTH H. ENO

EDITOR: I personally feel that the suppression of the Chronicle is a loss.

The Chronicle was blessed with two virtues which most news magazines and radio reports are sorrowfully lacking—sincere unbiased and a mature sifting of the daily news that resulted in a weekly chronicle or just the more important news, without frills or thrills.

Alma, Calif.

DANIEL J. KELLEHER, S.J.

EDITOR: It is with deep regret that I read that Chronicle has been discontinued.

Many news items which I missed in the daily papers and over the radio (some of which I believe may not have been published locally) were reported in Chronicle, and it was a great satisfaction to be able to find them there.

I only hope that there will be enough of your readers who feel as I do, and that they will persuade you to re-establish Chronicle.

Cincinnati, Ohio

M. F. FISCHER

LITERATURE AND ARTS

A MELODRAMATIC COUSIN OF R. L. S.

CHARLES A. BRADY

IT is fitting in every way that the cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson should be the man to raise melodrama to a new plane. "The dear king of us all," as Barrie fondly called him in *Margaret Ogilvy*, had done all that could be done in the older fashion. No one has bettered those candles burning for the swordplay in the still frosty air of that winter night in Ballantrae; or the little Gaelic song Alan Breck composed as he fought the siege of the Roundhouse; or the red hair of the dead man that François Villon saw one Christmas Eve in that grim pent-house alongside Notre Dame. He gave us the poetry of circumstance at its lyric best, and its best is very good. Today another Scot of the Covenanting strain, but this time a Cameronian turned Papist, gives us the ethics of circumstance as inexorably as any writer since Aeschylus.

Stern morality is inherent in melodrama, anyway, if only one had the wit to see it. Bunyan might have taught us this at the very beginning of English fiction, except that he confused us by making his symbols of things too explicit. We saw clearly that Christian was ourselves, and that his fight with Apollyon, and his duress in the giant's dungeon, were melodramatic enough in all conscience. What we did not see so clearly was that our own life, if it may not be distinguished, except in the rarest of cases, by the appellation, drama, certainly merits the term, melodrama.

Mr. Graham Greene is not the first to ring changes on the old familiar motif of cloak and sword. Ethel Vance, whoever she may be, has improvised, in Henry Jamesian tempo, on the Ruritanian theme of flight, pursuit and escape, in her book, *Escape*. Her narrative is remarkably felicitous; the political philosophy in the cafe scene between the artist, Mark, and the German doctor, of the raw wrists and capable hands, is the sort of mature thing one expects in the greater Continental raconteurs, but hardly in an American or even English teller of tales; and the first interview between Mark and the Countess, beside the elfin ice-green German lake, with the little bronze fairy-tale Lorelei just under the gliding prows of the pleasure boats, has enough subtleties and overtones to deserve James' compliment of "denseness."

To take another case in point, Geoffrey Household's *Rogue Male* can evoke the pounding, hot-

throated immediacy of flight that all lovers of Stevenson will instantly associate with David Balfour's rush across the heather; and Major Quive-Smith has a certain requisite *macabre* that makes him, esthetically, a very satisfactory villain, which is as much as to say that he has a sufficient brimstone tang of *diablerie* about him, for every right villain of melodrama must have something of the swart splendor of the Prince of Darkness, and every hero must be a "veray parfit gentil knight," even down to such a ruffling camp-follower of the true melodramatic tradition, as McNeile's *Bulldog Drummond*.

But only Graham Greene, among contemporary melodramatists, fights the battle of Augustine in the mantle of Buchan and Conrad and Dostoevski. He rattles silver bullets in a Highland sporran; he traces Sibylline circles in the air with the prophetic peeled white willow wand of Meg Merrilies; he carries Rob Roy's gleaming *skene dhu* between his teeth. But it is at the problems of good and evil that he empties his melodramatic carbine; the acrid powder smoke is in our nostrils, and the sharp clap of hammer 'gainst ball rings in our ears. There is nothing of the esthete in sin about him, either, as there was about Hawthorne. His trappings are the puppet-show of circumstance; his theme the soul of man.

The problem of good and evil, then, is his all besetting obsession, his King Charles' head; it never leaves him for an instant. This is a Scottish preoccupation on the whole, and Stevenson had it to a marked degree. But there was always something white and eldritch in Stevenson's features, and there may have been a sort of grudging relish in his interest in the matter, as, indeed, Chesterton once hinted. There is nothing of the warlock in Greene; he wrestles, like an Egyptian anchorite, against the Adversary, and it is this fierce vitality of his which surcharges his theme with spiritual significance, and more importantly, spiritual intensity. This latter quality is one that in English literature is rather conspicuous by its absence; one finds it in Irish, Scottish, Russian and French literature—best, perhaps, in Russian literature, though the Muscovite views evil in a Manichean light, and not in the central Christian fashion. But the Anglo-Saxon mind does not seem

sufficiently sensitive to the depths, with the possible exception of an Aldous Huxley; it knows the heights, but not the abysses. The best recent parallels to Mr. Greene's work are to be found in the novels of Léon Bloy, and in Georges Bernanos' *Sous le Soleil de Satan*, this last, significantly enough, also a melodrama.

Every idea requires some symbol for effective expression. Mr. Greene utilizes the simple and primal, but extremely effective pattern of flight and pursuit. Sometimes the emphasis is on escape; sometimes on capture. One accepts his metaphysical overtones without any jibbing. If anything, one comes upon them with a transport of delight for the very reason they are couched in a melodramatic idiom, just as an adult recognizes in a favorite fairy-tale he reads to his own children a sort of parable of universal reality which he had missed on first hearing as a child himself.

There is a double element of the *tour de force* in the matter, too, on the part of the reader as well as the writer. Our minds are a sort of attic lumber-room filled with untidy memories of juvenile classics; a yelling band of Hurons pursue, in their war canoe, the English girls and Duncan Heyward, while across the strip of water that separates pursuer from pursued echoes and re-echoes the crack of *La Longue Carabine*, as Hawkeye sights along the barrel; we open the pages of *The Labyrinthine Ways*, and the pitiful little whisky-priest is fleeing on his burro across a nightmare Mexican forest from the gunbutts of the Communists. Why, we say with pleasure, it's the same old chase we loved as boys. But it is not quite the same, for there are two other things mixed up with it, both of them allegories of sorts: the first a local allegory of our times, where rival political theories play hare and hounds across the page; the other a more universal allegory, with the Hound of Heaven in pursuit, and the quarry the soul of man.

Karl Pfleger has described Dostoevski as a wrestler with Christ; the term is apt for Mr. Greene in all of his work, from the composition of *Brighton Rock*, down through that parable of terror concretized that is our age, in *The Confidential Agent*, to the pitiful and splendid end of the whisky-priest, run to earth at last by the Hound of Heaven before the bullet-pocked court-yard wall. There is an unbecoming eroticism about the earlier few volumes, and a rather too heavy derivative overlay of the tough thieving pastoral one associates with such volumes as Bates' *The Poacher*. His touch grows both firmer and surer right up to *The Confidential Agent*, and the promise, offered by his Mexican travel book, is not belied by Greene's culminating achievement to date.

The Labyrinthine Ways is a striated, tensed, strained-muscle El Greco painting of a book; it leaves a taste of metal in the mouth, the copper and iron that is the soul of the Scotsman as well as of the Spaniard among the peoples of the world. It is a *terrible* book in the italicized sense in which certain of Gerard Manly Hopkins' sonnets are *terrible*. As in the case of the nameless priest of the

novel toward the "pious woman" of the Mexican prison—a scene, incidentally, that matches, for murky, hell-litten splendor anything in *Crime and Punishment*, or in the portfolios of Goya—Greene feels it is his duty to rob us, if he can, of our sentimental notions of what is good and what bad.

Aside from its metaphysical overtones, the portrait of the whisky-priest is as subtle a study of human motives as anything Conrad ever did. Lord Jim was not a more pitiable craven, and Jim's end not one quarter so splendid. Greene manages to point the character of that single-minded zealot, the Red Lieutenant, with all the delicacy Victor Hugo brought to play upon Javert, the thief-taker, in *Les Misérables*. And he goes Hugo one better in his recognition of the fact that, according to all the accepted canons of the world, his hero, the weakling priest, is a bad man, and the persecutor a man of inhuman, austere, tribunal virtue, with a kind of chaste, aquarial passion, emptied of all warmth, ice-chilled like the cold blood of sea creatures. How old G. K. C. would have crowed in delight at that touch, for he had made the same point years before in *The Everlasting Man*, when he demonstrated that it was the best part of the old Judaeo-Roman world, and not the worst, which crucified the Saviour.

I have spoken of Mr. Greene's spiritual intensity. This slight example, torn from its context, will have to suffice as illustration.

On the firing-ground, the little priest cries out one word: "Excuse!" On the night before the execution, Greene puts into his mouth the words of Bloy: "He knew now that at the end there was only one thing that counted—to be a saint." It is in ironic contrast to ordinary pamphlet-rack hagiography; it is the hagiography of fact, of the average man of the New Testament, who, like Peter, hears the cock crow and repents.

There is, perhaps, a Hitchcock film running somewhere in your town tonight by the title of *Foreign Correspondent*, and, if you happen to live in a city large enough to boast the dubious advantage of a "little theatre" devoted to revivals, you may even have the luck to pick up that best of screen melodramas, *The Lady Vanishes*. Hitchcock is a master to his finger tips; he can give you a cauld grue with the best of them; and to complete his credentials, he is a Jesuit boy from Stonyhurst, England. Grahame Greene has not this latter advantage, but he is the spiritual as well as the fleshly cousin of that Bonny romancer, R. L. S., and his *Stamboul Express* rockets and thunders through the night of Europe with all the terror and mystery of Hitchcock's continental specials. And there is this important difference: his is no mere Berlin-Bagdad flyer shrilling through a Transylvanian forest with Nazi spy and British agent locked in death grapple on the coach's swaying floor, and the stake a Balkan oil-field; but a Celestial Omnibus, with those more august protagonists, the Prince of this World, with his imperial chancellor's smile, and the Crusader, Christ; and their stake, the soul of man.

BOOKS

TOO SIMPLE ANALYSIS OF THE WORLD'S WOES

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? By Harold J. Laski.

The Viking Press. \$1.75

READERS acquainted with Professor Laski's works will recognize in this latest book, written in his usual clear and brilliant style, the familiar outlines of his diagnosis of the corrupt and degenerate capitalistic body politic. And since a Marxist, be he pale pink or sunset red, always inherits the gift of prophecy, the reader is given a glimpse of another familiar friend, to wit, the future form of world government.

The answer to the question, Where do we go from here? is supplied by the answers he gets from three other questions, Where do we stand today? What is Fascism? What are we to do next? The answer to the first question tells him that there is an inherent flaw in capitalistic democracy which is variously described as the essential conflict and contradiction between capitalism and democracy, a conflict of rival economic imperialisms, the time lag between political institutions and economic needs, the refusal of "privilege" and "vested interests" to heed the demands of the "masses." The answer to the second question leads him to lay the blame for Fascism at the door of capitalism and on the willingness of "privilege" to sell democracy down the river, in order to protect their "interests" against the social awakening of the workers. Proof for this last point is supplied by capitalistic democracy's attitude toward the real democracy of the Soviet Union. The third question is answered by a proposal and a plea to "privilege" in Great Britain to accept and agree to a revolution by consent, which will enlist the whole-hearted "dynamic" of the British laboring masses and convince the Soviet Union of England's sincerity when England proclaims this war a struggle for democracy.

As was said before, Professor Laski's analysis is a familiar one. It may be true, but it should be productive of caution. When a man with a thesis approaches a problem and finds it verified without a single jarring note to disturb the harmony of his preconceived conclusions, the scientific spirit is entitled to be wary, if not suspicious. Somewhere in his book Laski remarks that affairs in politics are not subject to simple interpretation, to which I would add that neither is history. And yet Laski's economic determinism is essentially an oversimplification. The logic of dialectical materialism leads him to rather absurd lengths. He ascribes the growth of Fascism to the willingness of "privilege" to risk Fascism because the capitalists preferred capitalism to democracy. He is forced to postulate conscious and deliberate unity in the ranks of international capital and communistic imaginations will conjure up visions or nightmares of international capitalists conspiring in the vaults of the Bank of England to overthrow the noble experiment of the Soviet Union.

There are numerous other examples of this oversimplification of history, examples which prove how a man with a thesis can find facts, or rather select his facts, interpret and high-light them to prove his point. But the "pay-off" comes when Laski tries to whitewash the Soviet invasion of Finland.

I sat at the feet of the author at the London School of Economics long enough to observe that Professor Laski has a penchant for aphoristic quotations. Consequently, I hope to be excused if I imitate the master and borrow another Laskian text from his book. "One is bound to be suspicious of men who give noble names to evil things." If that is true, then the author should

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not be surprised if Catholics are suspicious when he uses that noble word, democracy, to describe what they are still bourgeois enough to call rape and pillage and barbarism in Spain.

Professor Laski is enamoured of quotations from coupon clipping clergymen—he usually includes one or more per book—who are supposed to be representative of the reactionary attitude of the entrenched interests of the Church, frowning upon the social strivings of labor and calling upon the Government to discipline the workers. Since he is sincere, I am sure that he will be delighted to know that not all churches can be so described. There was a clergyman in Rome, known as Leo XIII, who was criticising capitalism and "privilege" and "the interests," and defending the rights of labor, and calling for a revolution by consent, long before Harold Laski entered Oxford and became such a skillful manipulator of a Marxian vocabulary. J. L. SHEA

RAPTUROUS SOCIALIST PLAN TO KEEP SHAMOKIN SMOKIN'

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE. By Lucy Sprague Mitchell, Eleanor Bowman, Mary Phelps. The Macmillan Co. \$3.50

FORESTS, farms and vineyards once flourished where now North Africa, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, show only rocks, ruins and sands. Are we coming to that in this country? Long before the New Deal, Theodore Roosevelt sounded an alarm for our forests, as did Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania. But the New Deal has made a specialty of conservation and combined it with political and economic theory. If we wish to obtain a characteristic New Deal pronouncement, we can listen to Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Bowman and Mary Phelps. These ladies toured the country to study the waste of soil, through erosion; of coal and of oil, which are three of our greatest national resources. They read Government reports and wrote a useful and an entertaining book.

First, there is the truth about a very serious situation, which has nothing to do with the New Deal, but which confronts any government that is in power in the United States. We have wasted our natural resources recklessly, up to astronomical figures, and we continue to do so. Predatory capitalism has done irrevocable damage to them in the past; it has started a downward trend from which, as yet, we show little sign of recovering.

When a grievous situation has been discovered, righteous and natural indignation can be channeled off, without too much effort, in the direction of a theory or an ideology that you may wish to propose. These ladies propose collectivism. "A program of collectivism," they observe in their epilogue, "is a democratic planning and one in which people of widely different political affiliations can join." It forms a common denominator for the "strivings of Socialists, progressives, trade-unionists, professionals, and technicians." That is about as wide a difference as the "democratic planning" can tolerate. It is democratic because it is built upon the "rights of the majority." The majority plans; the minority are planned for (with "due consideration," etc.).

The "trouble with farming," we learn, "seems to be that there are too many farmers, too much land is being farmed, too much produce being grown." In this distressing situation, "the very least we are called upon to do is to give the Federal Government clear power to lead the farmers in adjusting their plantings." Since farmers do not as yet seem to be craving a Leader, a Duce or a Fuehrer, "now is the time to promote the general welfare by an amendment" to the Constitution. Then farm industrialization can continue in peace.

New economic theory, and a new "social philosophy" are essential to democratic planning, as the body and soul of the new American collectivism. But to make the new creation really stand on its feet and walk, the

breath of pathos must be injected into it. This is done by verse, provided by Mrs. Bowman and Mrs. Mitchell: free verse ("Fire-eating sword-swallowing elephant-dancing America!") and rhyme ("But in Mahanoy, Shamokin, The fires still are smokin'"). When we get that all-America, big-America, my-America feeling, democratic planning will march on.

Personally, I should like to get a free-America feeling, for the planned-for's as well as the planners. Why, anyhow, should the drama of America's waste be left to the collectivists to tell? Why should legitimate extension of government ownership and control be merged into purely Socialist schemes? The planners for freedom have their version of the drama and of the remedy therefor. It is time that it be told as simply, as interestingly and as truthfully—in the main—as to facts as the collectivists tell theirs.

JOHN LAFARGE

SPOTS ON THE SUN STILL LEAVE IT SHINING

WASHINGTON AND THE REVOLUTION: A REAPPRAISAL.

By Bernhard Knollenberg. The Macmillan Co. \$3
THERE are many ways of dealing with the problem of spots on the sun. One is to maintain doggedly, with Aristotle, that since by its nature the sun can have no spots, there are none. Another is to examine the problem, trying to discover whether the alleged spots exist, and if so, their origin, nature and extent. Of those who laudably adopt this method, some are apt to conclude that the sun is almost entirely covered with spots. Others, more conservative, will allot the sun about the same proportion of spots as a Dalmatian.

Mr. Knollenberg, of course, follows the scientific method. In general, he belongs to the Van Tyne school of historians, a few of whom, it seems to me, are men who, having tired of hearing Aristides called just, are never happier than when they find another spot on the sun. Whether Mr. Knollenberg shares this happiness is a decision to be left to the judgment of the critical reader; personally, I think that his pleasure on these occasions, while perceptible, is not unseemly. Yet he never goes as far as Rupert Hughes, whom, however, he cites with praise. It is his conclusion that Washington had certain grave defects of character as well as of judgment, that he was not above a bit of guile and chicanery at times (alas for Parson Weems and his famous cherry tree!), that he harbored some extremely set prejudices, and that he treated General Conway very shabbily. As for the famous "Conway Cabal," so often used as a dark background to set off Washington's patience and longanimity, Mr. Knollenberg believes that it was directed against Conway himself, and not against Washington. Arnold and Gates are two others who received less than justice at Washington's hands. Gates, in particular, he thinks, in spite of bitter and unmerited censure, supported Washington loyally.

"I have not overlooked Washington's qualities of greatness," explains the author in his preface, "and recognize that they tower above his imperfections." Mr. Knollenberg agrees that Washington was a very brave man, a general who always kept his head, and in the course of a stubborn war displayed a resourcefulness that was "superb." He was utterly without sectional bias, innocent of nepotism, a common practice in that day, and this, and his devotion to duty reached "perfection." Mr. Knollenberg is not always convincing, but his book is stimulating and, as Allan Nevins has remarked, "of unusual importance." Incidentally, that stout champion of Washington, John C. Fitzpatrick, will probably be amused, and thankful, to learn that he has "largely undone" the work of Fisher, Van Tyne, Greene, Woodward, Little, Hughes, "and other historians and biographers" who in recent years have written of the shortcomings of the Father of his country.

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JESUS AS MEN SAW HIM. By Martin J. Scott, S.J.
P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$2

WRITING with his wonted incisive simplicity, Father
Scott presents us with a vivid picture of the Saviour
as seen by Peter when He walked the restless waves
in Galilee, as heard by Magdalen in the banquet hall,
as loved by lepers and the blind. Not controversial in
scope—a short preliminary chapter suffices to establish
Jesus as an historical personage and point out the essen-
tial vulnerability of the rationalistic Hydra.

Men saw God revealed in Jesus—true Divinity in per-
fect humanity. Hence, they saw a character which was
the absolute perfection of manhood: completely balanced,
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His lips they heard prophecies of the days to come, His
death and Resurrection, the utter ruin of the city whose
streets they trod, the almost incredible vitality of His
Church; and hearing, they knew His vision transcended
man's horizon. They watched the sea obey His word and
health flow from His fingertips, and recognized the
Divine seal on all He said or did. They found God's in-
finite love incarnate in His mercy, God's wisdom in His
words. Martha and the Centurion knew His unique com-
passion and even Judas and Pilate His gentleness.

Nor is this all. Jesus is not a person of the long ago.
He lives on. And so Father Scott wisely completes his
keen analysis of what men saw in Jesus by two interest-
ing chapters on Jesus living in the faithful and mir-
rored in the lives of saints both old and new. Here, as
throughout the book, mankind's experience of the In-
carnate Word has been interpreted in its theological
import with a solidity and accuracy that will delight
the scholar and a fluid clarity that will hold the atten-
tion of all.

LAURENCE J. MCGINLEY

MODERN WAR AND BASIC ETHICS. By John K. Ryan.

The Bruce Publishing Company. \$1.75

THIS small volume explains very clearly the principles
according to which war is to be declared and waged.
The author frequently and vigorously exposes the funda-
mental rule that war is a means either to preserve right
natural order between nations or to restore the just
natural order when it has been disturbed. It follows
therefore that no war, that is the actual conflict be-
tween two states, can be objectively just on both sides.
The author admits the difficulty of determining in the
concrete, as in World War I, who was justly striving
to restore or preserve right order between nations. The
conclusion is that heads of states, instead of bringing
untold misery on millions, while they leave to historians
the task of proving or disproving the justice of their
cause, should be convinced beyond all doubt that justice
is on their side before they declare war. The means by
which war may be waged are thoroughly treated.

This book should be used by every professor of ethics,
should be kept even after graduation by every student
of ethics, and should be put up for study and discussion
in every study club.

JOHN J. McLAUGHLIN

JUGGERNAUT OVER HOLLAND. By Eelco N. van Kleffens.
Columbia University Press. \$2

THE author, the Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs,
can speak of the rape of the Netherlands with an
authority found in few other men. His words will find
ready belief, for in the American mind the case of
Germany vs. Holland has already been decided. His
words in themselves are persuasive, for Mr. Van Kleffens
writes with admirable restraint and objectivity.

In a small volume, the author could not give all the
details which shall be recounted by historians years
hence. Enough details are given, however, to satisfy all
but the most captious. The book is quite complete. Mr.
Van Kleffens covers the background of Dutch-German
relations, the dynasty and the people, the gathering of
the clouds of war, the attempts to dissipate them, the
final onrush of the storm, the present Dutch government
in exile and its hopes and plans for the future. Many
anecdotes of the stuff by which history is made vital
illumine his pages.

FRANCIS X. CURRAN

ART

ONE of the very interesting features of the current exhibition of Frank Lloyd Wright's architecture is the building in which it is housed. Not that this building, The Museum of Modern Art, in any way challenges Mr. Wright's architecture. Quite the contrary is true. European Modernism, however, of which this Museum is an example, derives from Frank Lloyd Wright's and there is a definite and inescapable contrast between the Museum's studied and typical aridity and the richness of imagination shown in Mr. Wright's work.

The exhibition itself is unusually comprehensive as it includes work dating from the start of Mr. Wright's independent career in the 'nineties down to the present time, and covers a period of about fifty years of creative activity. To view the gradual unfolding of Mr. Wright's highly individual style of design, therefore, constitutes an architectural education in itself.

All of this development, both in the universal nature of his ground plans, as well as the highly personal grammar of his architectural forms, was well on its way to complete expression at the opening of the present century. At that time, those of the European architects who were in rebellion against traditional academicism, were still occupied with the vagaries of *l'art nouveau* and the pastiche refinements of the Viennese Secession. Neither of these movements demonstrated anything in the way of a perception of the fundamentals of architecture, nor did such a thing appear until the European architects discovered the Lloyd Wright ground plans. They have since utilized this type of plan with considerable artistic intelligence.

As there is an inevitable connection between an artist's general thinking and the esthetic expression in his work, it is valuable to recall this architect's intellectual background. Linked with this background was an instinctive feeling and love for the soil, for the American scenic environment of the Middle West and for a natural type of living, all of which influenced his profound sense of dwelling places. In addition to architectural integrity, therefore, his dwellings have a charm and appropriateness that is unified with the natural environment and with their functional purpose; a type of unity which suggests that inevitable relationship of a medieval church to the liturgy.

The exhibition shows this innate sense of dwelling places well manifested in the houses of all the different periods of Mr. Wright's style, with the qualification that much of the work produced in the twenties has a more esoteric character than that which preceded and followed it. It is more assertive of its separateness and there appears to be a conscious withdrawal from popular comprehension, somewhat as if being understood by the mob were an unworthy thing. Such a withdrawal from popular comprehension often obtains among artists and must, in part, be regarded as based on a rejection of unworthy, popular values. That this rejection occasionally seems to involve a confusion of such popular values with humanity itself is understandable, but unfortunate. Such a rejection which is typical of our era is also apparent in the work of the abstract surrealist painters and of writers such as Joyce and others.

The decline of this phase of modernism, as exemplified in the esoteric art movements of the recent past, would seem to be well on its way. With Mr. Wright, the response to the cultural forces tending toward such an esotericism was transitory and it is significant that the more recent works shown in this exhibition are of a definitely humanized character. His newer architecture is full of vitality, and this is as completely evidenced in the delightful Johnson house as it is in the monumental office building for the Johnson Wax Company, both recent constructions.

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THEATRE

MY SISTER EILEEN. A very nice little comedy has caught the favor of our town and is launched on what seems to be a successful career. It is *My Sister Eileen*, by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, produced by Max Gordon at the Biltmore Theatre, where it has received a welcome that must have been heart-warming to its excellent company.

It is the excellence of that company, including such players as Morris Carnovsky, Shirley Booth, and Jo Ann Sayers—a most promising young recruit, by the way, and one whose journey will be upward—that gives the play its special appeal. It also has the merit of being staged by George S. Kaufman. But good acting and good direction alone cannot build a success, as countless plays have shown us. *My Sister Eileen*, based on the stories of Ruth McKenney, has in itself a freshness and charm and spontaneity that are especially welcome this season. To the young it offers their sort of meat—the adventure of breaking into New York and of making a career there. To the middle-aged and the old it holds memories of their youth and adventures and high ambitions. Also, to return to Mr. Kaufman, his direction has infused the whole thing with a snap and elan that are irresistible.

Finally, but most importantly, (aside from the premature union of the two minor characters who soon see the error of their way!) it is as clean as a whistle is supposed to be. This quality, if you ask me, accounts for the number of holiday theatre parties parents gave at the Biltmore last month for sons and daughters home from school and college. In addition to all this, in itself *My Sister Eileen* has that subtle quality which no one can define and which, by its presence in a play, means the difference between success or failure. It pleases, it amuses, it even thrills at moments. It sends its audiences back onto Broadway mentally rested and refreshed.

PAL JOEY. One cannot offer the same tribute to another success, *Pal Joey*, by John O'Hara, presented by George Abbott at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. One can only say that the author presents his unpleasant leading character exactly as he is, that Gene Kelly makes him as unobjectionable as he can be made, and that the audience takes him in, sees through him, rejects his type, and accepts the new comedy!

For Joey Evans is only one character in it. There are a lot of characters, and there is a lot of action on the stage. There are dancing girls and dancing boys. There is fascinating foot work and there is also a lot of good music, including some songs with which our young folk are filling our homes this minute. There are some extremely clever players such as Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, Leila Ernst, and Jean Castro. But for that matter, as usual, all the acting is good. So is Kelly's, as *Pal Joey*. But though his singing and dancing and acting are excellent, the author's merciless dissection of him is a powerful and needed antiseptic.

THE LADY WHO CAME TO STAY. Guthrie McClintic brought the lady to the Maxine Elliott Theatre, but she didn't stay long—only three nights. To me that was rather a pity. Mr. McClintic's direction was so fine. But more especially, the story—unpleasantly creepy though it was—certainly had its points; and we have had no finer acting on our stage this year than Beth Merrill, Mildred Natwick and Evelyn Varden gave us as the ghosts that haunted the old Gervis home. Mady Christian's performance, as the survivor of the doomed sisters, was also superb. But—well, yes, granting all that, the melodrama was peculiarly hair-raising. Too much so for the nerves of today. ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

CAVALCADE OF FAITH. The documentary film has been so universally abused by propagandists and name-callers that it is a novelty to find an example of the type which is an exposition rather than an *exposé*. In this instance, newsreel clips tell a stimulating and informative story of the Catholic Church in action during the pontificates of two Popes which should impress all who look to religion as a vital force in the modern world. With a running commentary by Basil Ruysdale to mark its continuity, the picture carries on from the election of Pius XI, showing the Pontiff in a variety of duties from reviewing a Boy Scout troop to receiving royalty upon the ratification of the Lateran Treaty. The dedication of the Vatican radio station, with the great Marconi in attendance, is a significant linking of the oldest in the spiritual domain with the newest in science, and one can almost feel that cosmic upheaval of Thomas Huxley turning over in his grave. The canonization of Don Bosco, records of the Eucharistic Congresses at Chicago, Dublin and Rio de Janeiro, views of the American Cardinals at Rome, and intimate glimpses of the art treasures of the Vatican are climaxed by scenes of his present Holiness, Pius XII. The film is a concrete reminder of the mission of the Church in a chaotic world and is recommended as an aspect of modern history too generally dismissed. (Jeffrey Pictures)

MAISIE WAS A LADY. The once suspect central character of this series has been transformed gradually into a Pollyanna who talks out of the side of her mouth, and the sympathetic offices of the scenarist have even, in this instance, made her a temperance crusader. Edwin Marin does not quite allow her to lose her picturesque brashness but there is a definite stress on Maisie's heart of gold. Presented as a carnival entertainer in domestic service, she comes to the rescue of a young girl contemplating suicide because of a romantic disillusionment aggravated by family neglect. Maisie takes charge, reorganizing the household in general and reclaiming a bibulous brother in particular, with the prospect of marriage in that direction. Ann Sothorn continues to dominate the series as an ingratiating diamond in the rough, and her support, listing Lew Ayres, Maureen O'Sullivan, C. Aubrey Smith and Paul Cavanagh, is excellent. This is consistently *amusing adult fare*. (MGM)

HONEYMOON FOR THREE. The plight of a successful novelist who stumbles over his past in Cleveland is the core of this sophisticated comedy. A reasonable comedy. A reasonable amount of restraint keeps the film on the right side of the borderline, though there are bits of dialog which Lloyd Bacon could have passed over with no loss of wit. The writer, on a lecture tour, is pursued by an old college sweetheart, since married, whose husband is apparently reconciled to losing her. The celebrity is rescued from an unwelcome attachment when his resourceful secretary feigns marriage. The direction sets a rapid pace which the cast does not always equal. George Brent, Ann Sheridan, Charles Ruggles and Osa Massen are cast in an *adult comedy* of uneven quality. (Wagner)

THE INVISIBLE WOMAN. Trick photography of the *Topper* vintage is the chief source of amusement in this risqué film, and the other elements of entertainment are rather thin. An eccentric inventor perfects an invisibility machine which makes his playboy benefactor solvent and his model subject a marvel of resourcefulness. John Barrymore, Virginia Bruce, Charles Ruggles and John Howard are adequate in a picture spotted rather heavily by suggestiveness in what is heard and unseen. (Universal) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

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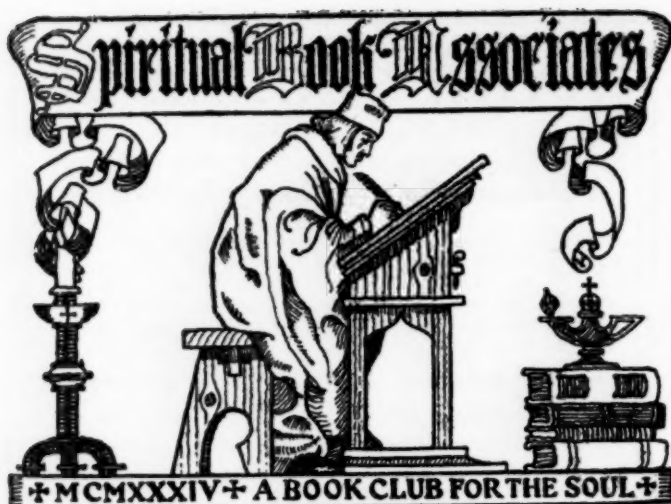
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EVENTS

MONEY appeared plentiful during the week. . . . In California, a nine-year-old Negro ordered five cents' worth of lollipops, handed the merchant a \$1,700 check in payment. He had obtained the check, police later learned, after taking an envelope from an over-crowded mail box. . . . In a tax-lien auction sale, a Kansas woman purchased a large lot for fifty cents in cash. . . . Convicts in the Colorado State Penitentiary organized to purchase part of the prison property offered for sale to cover delinquent taxes, so that they could order the warden off the property. . . . In the face of a mounting crime wave, police ranks were strengthened. . . . In Dade City, Fla., a twelve-year-old youth was made a full-fledged sheriff to put down crime in juvenile circles. . . . A former sheriff was added to an Indiana police force. He later robbed a loan-company office. . . . In the New York Federal building which houses United States courts and G-men, eleven lawyers had their overcoats stolen. . . . In Cincinnati, a blind store-keeper fired at a bandit, missed him. . . . An Oklahoma junk dealer reported the disappearance of a thousand dollars from his store, suggested to police that they look for his wife who also had vanished. Asked why he did not search for her himself, he replied: "My two pistols are likewise missing." . . . In an effort to discover loopholes in a Memphis ordinance against auto-horn blowing except in emergencies, autoists began using cow bells, whistles. . . . Why trains are late was revealed in the Midwest. When a woman passenger on a fast train remembered she had forgotten to turn off the gas in her Chicago apartment, the train had to stop while she long-distanced the apartment janitor.

Judicial precedents were set up. . . . A bachelor judge in Philadelphia ruled that the jilting man does not have to reimburse the jilted woman for trousseau expenses. . . . In Nebraska, when a seventy-seven-year-old couple were granted a divorce, the judge awarded custody of the family dog-house to the ex-husband. . . . Legislatures were active. . . . Under a bill introduced into the Massachusetts Senate, an unmarried woman becomes an old maid at the age of twenty-five. . . . Science poked into new fields. . . . An autopsy was performed on Wah, a 4,000-year-old Egyptian mummy. Following the autopsy, a general opinion prevailed that Wah had died in his early thirties. . . . An Eastern professor developed a stingless bee, with an increased stomach capacity. . . . Research to ascertain the work-load involved in ironing an average family wash was completed by a college professor. As a result of the study, it is now known with certainty that a woman using a six-pound iron on the family wash pushes the equivalent of 1,260 pounds a distance of three miles. . . . Other scientific discoveries by educators were also reported. . . . New social trends emerged. . . . Dispatches indicated that the practice of making domestic pets out of horned toads was growing in the Southwest. . . . Consideration for others was noted. . . . A Massachusetts man left \$500 to establish a home for stray cats.

There is much concern for stray cats, little concern for stray boys and girls already born, no concern at all for the annual millions of stray boys and girls who never reach birth. . . . Times change. It was not so long ago that children were popular as domestic pets. Cats, and especially dogs have won out over children, and now comes the toad as a rival to the cats and dogs. . . . The streamlined domestic circle of tomorrow will no doubt consist of husband, wife, one cat, two dogs and a couple of horned toads.

THE PARADER